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## CHRONICLES OF THE PAST.

BY AN AMERICAN ANTIQUARY.

THE old town of Ipswich, in the Bay State, exhibits many rare relics of antiquity. Purchased under the title of Agawam, in the early settlement of the colony, and granted in the year 1632 to twelve freeholders who made oath of their 'intention of settlement,' it dates back its origin among the very first townships of New-England. At that time, and for many years afterward, it was the northern frontier of Massachusetts, and was constantly exposed to the attacks of the tribes of Indians in its neighborhood. Though its population was composed mostly of tillers of the soil, the buildings, unlike all other farming towns of the commonwealth, were erected for common safety upon a single street; and even to this day its sturdy yeomanry live in town, though the farms they cultivate are many of them miles distant in the country.

The old street is still in existence, and we venture to say that it has not its parallel in all New-England. Antique domicils, exhibiting the English architectural style of the seventeenth century; sturdy block-houses, erected to defend the early settlers from the hostile incursions of the crafty foe; barns, shops, and crazy wood-sheds, leaning and trembling in extreme decrepitude; and chairs, tables, bureaus, bedsteads, and pictures, all relics of a former age, each one of which would be a gem in the cabinet of an antiquary, daily exposed for sale in the windows of the trucksters or on the counter of the auctioneer; are found in rich profusion through this old street of the Pilgrims. But better than all else is the church-yard, the original burial-place, with its green graves and gray head-stones; its turf-sward running far up the hill to the tall elms and luxuriant evergreens that crown the summit; and its nameless hillocks, catching the evening sunlight as it falls in long lines athwart the green-slope, and reflecting it back upon the passer-by with peculiar brightness! I love those old grave-stones, half sunk in the

church-yard mould; and the rudely-carved cherubims with their swollen cheeks and distended wings, or the more frequent emblems of skull and cross-bones, are to my eye far more grateful and appropriate than the modern blazonry upon heavy shafts, on tall, slim marbles.

It is well worth the visit of many a long mile, to walk in that ancient cemetery, and read the rustic epitaphs that would teach us to live and die. There side by side,

‘Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,’

lie the old puritans, the rude forefathers of the hamlet, who fled from the father-land in search of freedom to worship God; and though they may have possessed grievous faults, yet who does not venerate their unyielding firmness and holy piety? There too sleep the early pastors of the American churches; the men of rare endowments and ripest learning, who turned their backs upon the livings of the old country, that they might plant the standard of the cross in this distant wilderness. And there too rest the loved and venerated of our own day, for whom, even now that so many long years have fled, one feels as if it were impiety so utterly to have ceased to weep, so seldom to remember! One there was, whose voice was sweet to my ear in childhood; whose eyes, bedimmed into a pathetic beauty, never restrained the glee that sparkled in the orbs of those about her; her, who had so long heard the voice that called her, whispering in her ear, that she could smile at its accents, and feel those silent words to be cheerful as angel’s tones.

In one corner of the cemetery, where a low sunken fence separates it from a neighboring court-yard, is the grave of Richard Shatswell, the first deacon of Ipswich church. In his first and only place of residence until he emigrated, the city of Ipswich, England, he was a man of considerable importance, having for several successive years borne the honor of mayor of that town. But the unjust laws against the dissenters hampered him: he could not take the oaths of office; he would not make the sacrifice of principle to personal honor or private emolument: and popular dissensions bearing hard upon his refusal to recant his sentiments, he fled his country, and became one of the first freeholders of Agawam. It is remarkable, that on the very spot where the good man pitched his tent and cleared his land; on the very farm where he sowed his grain and raised his crops; lives and labors the only descendant in the sixth generation who bears the name of Shatswell. He is now an old man, and retains in his face and character strong impress of his puritanical descent, as indeed does every thing about him the mark of family antiquity. The house is one of those substantial old mansions which our ancestors delighted to rear; and though now far advanced in its second century, its stanch oak timbers, and heavy mouldings, and massive ballustrades, bid fair to last for many generations. Every article of furniture which the house contains carries you far back into olden time. The andirons in the broad fire-place, bearing the mark of 1596; the high-backed, spinster-

looking chairs; the fantastic legs of the upright bureau; the ponderous bellows and painted china; all are but epistles of the habits of our sires. Better than all, however, are the family pictures ranged along the walls, where our grandmothers vie in broad hoops and stiff stomachers, with the more unassuming costume of their daughters.

I found there were connected, as usual, with these old paintings many anecdotes of the past. At the time of the war of the revolution, the lady of the manor was a descendant of Simon Bradstreet, one of the early governors of the province, whom Mather calls the 'Nestor of New-England.' Her husband was a stanch whig, a leader of one of the classes into which the town was divided; and though the good lady coincided fully in his political sentiments, she did not much like the infringement upon domestic luxuries which many of the patriotic resolutions of the meetings contemplated. In short, Madame Shatswell loved her cup of tea, and as a large store had been provided for family use before the tax, she saw no harm in using it as usual upon the table. There were in those days, as there are now, certain busy-bodies who kindly take upon themselves the oversight of their neighbors' affairs, and through them the news of the treason spread over the town. A committee from the people immediately called at the house to protest against the drinking of tea. The good lady received their visit kindly, informed them of the circumstances of the case, and dismissed them perfectly satisfied. Some months passed away, and one Sabbath Madame Shatswell's daughter, a bright-eyed, coquettish damsel, appeared at church in a new bonnet. This was a new cause of excitement, and the committee came again to administer reproof. The lady satisfied them again, however; and they, finding that the hat contained no treason to the people's cause, again departed. Two years of the war had now passed away, and mean while the daughter, Jeanette, had found a lover. It was the beginning of winter; the army had just gone into winter quarters; and the young suitor was daily expected home. Wishing to appear well in his eyes, the maiden had spun and woven with her own hands a new linen dress, from flax raised upon the homestead; and some old ribands, long laid aside, having been washed and ironed to trim it withal, the damsel appeared in it at church on the Sunday after her lover's arrival. Here was fresh cause of alarm, and forthwith on Monday morning came the officious committee, to remonstrate against the extravagance. The old lady's spirit was now aroused, and she could contain herself no longer. 'Do you come here,' was her well-remembered reply, 'do you come here to take me to task, because my daughter wore a gown she spun and wove with her own hands? Three times have you interfered with my family affairs. Three times have you come to tell me that my husband would be turned out of his office. Now mark me! There is the door! As you came in, so you may go out! But if you ever cross my threshold again, you shall find that calling Hannah Bradstreet a *tory* will not make her a *coward*!' It is needless to add that Madame Shatswell's family affairs were thereafter left to her own guidance.

But they are all gone, mother and daughter, sire and son; and the five generations of the old family sleep side by side in the church-yard.

A little farther up the hill, just under the shade of that stunted sycamore, rises the humbler grave-stone of 'Joseph Smith, a patriot in the revolution,' who is more familiarly remembered in town, however, as 'Serjeant Joe.' Mr. Smith was one of those persons whose characters are formed by the times in which they live; and as he lived in the war of the revolution, and then mostly by stealing provisions for his mess, the times may be said to have made him a thief. And yet how hard a name to give to Serjeant Joe, for a kinder heart than his never beat in any man's bosom. Indeed, his very pilfering propensities may be said to have arisen from an excess of sympathy for human wretchedness. For his own advantage he would have scorned to wrong a man of a single farthing; but for the poor or the suffering, his morals were not stern enough to resist the temptation. Indeed, he often said that he 'could n't help it, when he know'd poor folks was suffering; and that they should n't suffer as long as he had any hands to provide for them!' And so it was. If the long winter had almost consumed the widow's fuel, the serjeant's hand-sled, piled with wood, helped marvellously to eke it out. If a sick child pined for a roasted apple, the serjeant's capacious pockets unloaded golden stores of russets and gilliflowers. Indeed, if poverty of any kind pinched neighbor or friend, the kind old serjeant was ever ready with relief; so that at last he began to be considered by both thrifty and needy as the almoner of the town's bounty, and his peccadilloes were regarded as the eccentricities only of a benevolent heart.

The serjeant's continuance in the army was for the whole duration of the war. At the very first exhibition of American courage which proved so fatal to the British troops in their excursion to Lexington and Concord, Serjeant Smith showed himself a skilful marksman. Learning from the rumor, which seemed to have spread that night with a speed almost miraculous, the destination of the detachment, he arose from his bed, equipped himself with cartridges and a famous rifle he had used at Lovell's fight at Fryeburgh, saddled his horse, and started for Lexington meeting-house. Meeting with a variety of hindrances, and twice escaping narrowly from some straggling parties of the red-coats, it was late when he arrived on the ground, and the troops were already on their rapid retreat toward Boston. Learning that the people were all abroad, lining the fences and woods to keep up the fire upon the enemy, he started in pursuit, and in the course of a few miles, on riding up a hill, he found the detachment just before him. Throwing the reins upon his horse and starting him to full speed, he rode within a close rifle shot, and fired at one of the leading officers. The officer fell; and the serjeant, retreating to a safe distance, loaded his rifle again, and again rode up and fired, with equal success. He pursued the same course a third time, when the leader of the retreating body ordered a platoon to fire upon him. It was unavailing, however; and a

fourth, fifth, and sixth time, the old rifle had picked off its man, while its owner retreated in safety. 'D—n the man!' exclaimed the officer, 'give me a musket, and I'll see if he bears a charmed life, if he comes in sight again!' It was but a moment, and again the old white horse came over the brow of a hill. The officer fired, but in vain; and before the smoke of his charge had cleared away, he too had fallen before the unerring marksman, and was left behind by his flying troops. When the day had closed, the wounded were collected by the neighbors upon the road, and every kindness rendered to them. The officer was not dead, and on being laid upon a bed where his wounds could be examined, his first question, even under the apprehension of immediate death, was, '*Who was that old fellow on the white horse?*'

By his side sleeps his brother soldier, Ensign Edward Ross, whose stories of 'flood and field' beguiled many a winter evening at the farmer's fireside. How well I remember those tales of 'Saratogue' with which the veteran used to surprise us, and my boyish wonder

'Stood a-tiptoe when the day was waned,'

to hear the marvellous exploits he had himself performed at the 'taking of Burg'ine.' If you would believe him, the part he had acted brought distinguished honor to the American standard, wherever he chanced to have been, through the whole war; and I doubt if an engagement or skirmish could have been named in which he had not manfully battled for our freedom. He was none of your timorous story-tellers, ever distrusting your faith and doubting how far he should go; but a bold, hearty liar, plunging at once into the very depths of your credulity. Let the turf be piled high on the fire, the hearth be swept, the women-folks be seated on one side of the capacious fire-place, and the host with mug in hand turn round and say, 'Come, uncle Edward, it's dry work talking; take a drink of our old October, and let's have a story about the revolution;' and the old man would reel off such yarns as a veteran from Cape Cod might have envied. Methinks I see him now, his staff standing in the jam, and his gray eye lighting up with the fire of youthful days, as he recounted the feats of arms, in language as clear and copious as one of his own mountain streams. Light lie the turf upon thy ashes, old soldier, and green grow the grass over thy resting-place!

But passing over these, let us come to an enclosure that contains the grave of a father and his twin daughters, sleeping side by side in the church-yard. How quiet is the spot! How beautiful the resting-place of the last of their race! The daisies grow sweetly under the scented thorns that bend over the mounds, and the moss-rose buds, jewelled with dew-drops on summer mornings, are faint emblems of the loveliness of the maidens who rest beneath.

The father, a man high in his country's estimation, and whose name is associated with more than one of her victories upon the ocean, suffering from the effects of a wound received in the engagement of the Hornet, had retired from the navy after the declaration

of peace, to reside on his paternal homestead, and superintend in person the education of his daughters. He had known sorrow; for the wife and mother had died and been buried among strangers in a distant land while he was absent upon service; and the children, the only descendants of his own or the maternal race, became more than ever the objects of his fondest idolatry. They had been carefully instructed during his absence; had grown in beauty of person and mind to the maturity of womanhood; and were in every way fitted to increase and bless the affection of the father. Though years have passed away, there are many who still remember the strong love that bound together the inmates of that retired mansion, and the elegance which seemed to attach itself to every thing about them.

To a finished education and a thorough knowledge of the world, Captain A —— added a strong mind, which threw an influence over every one with whom he associated. Upon his daughters, both partaking more of the yielding disposition of the mother than of the father's firmness, it was most manifest; and never in disposition, or mind, or daily duty, were children more moulded to a parent's will. With a love of nature, and a quick perception of the beautiful in all her varieties, they would wander through the wood-lands and pastures, collecting minerals and flowers to arrange and classify and study under his direction. Guided too by him, they would scour the hills for miles around, to trace out the ruined fortifications of the early settlers, or to discover relics of the aboriginal inhabitants; and then, seated on the grass beside him, listen to his teachings. It was a beautiful group, that father and daughters; and whenever you found them, at morning or evening, by hill or brook or sea-shore, they impressed you with a loveliness that seemed too fair for earth.

Thus passed away the winter and summer of a single year. Autumn came again, with its golden hues and soft sunlight days, bringing joy and contentment to the dwellers of Oak-grove. Winter approached, but with it came the symptoms of premature decay. What meant that hectic flush on the cheek of the taller maiden, and why the suppressed cough, and the shrinking and saddened spirit? The father, keenly alive to all that affected the only objects of his life, sought the skill of the ablest physicians, and by their advice determined to try the benefit of a warmer climate. Preparations were instantly made for the voyage; and scarcely a week had elapsed before they were embarked and far away toward the sunny South. There every thing was done which skill and the affection of loving hearts could do, to drive away the approach of the insidious malady. Rides, walks, parties of pleasure, games at home and amusements abroad, every device to exhilarate the mind and fortify the courage of the fair invalid, were tried, repeated, and failed; and on the opening of another summer, the father, broken-hearted and in despair, returned home to lay his loved one in the grave.

That long summer! who of that family can ever forget it? The assiduous attention of sister and parent to the dying one; the slow



ride each morning to accustomed resort of brook or tree or hill-side ; the room filled with melody or fragrant with flowers ; the declining strength, cutting off one by one the enjoyments of the still beautiful sufferer ; the hopes, alternately encouraged or depressed, even to the last ; and sweeter, better than all, the soft tones of the sister or the manly voice of the father, subdued and often broken, reading page after page of God's Holy Word to the gentle listener, and in the firmness of christian grace bidding her

‘ Look to HIM who trod before  
The desolate paths of life ;  
And bear in meekness, as He gently bore,  
Sorrow and pain and strife : ’

and then the death-scene, too sacred to be unfolded to the eyes of strangers, but beautiful as is ever the exit of the believer ; are all imprinted upon the hearts of those who witnessed them, never to be effaced.

The spirit of Captain A —, crushed by the heavy blow, clung more closely to the surviving daughter, and in her increased fondness seemed to find a support from utter wretchedness. Alas ! that support was also doomed to fail him ! The assiduous attention so long rendered to the deceased had proved too much ; the same disease had fastened upon her ; and ere a twelvemonth had elapsed, she too had sunk, quietly, gently, in the calmness of christian faith, into the same grave. Her parting words, ‘ I shall not leave you long behind, father ! ’ seemed prophetic of the end ; for a month had not gone when he too, borne on the arms of four of his fellow-officers, was laid beside his daughters.

That enclosure in the old burial-place is sacred to many hearts. I have seen the mother sitting beside it, and have heard her, holding the little hands of her child between her's, repeat the tale of sorrow, until it's blue eyes filled with tears at the sad recital. I have listened to the voice of the summer night-wind, as I hung over the rude paling ; have watched the stars looking down with their tremulous beams upon the green graves ; absorbed in the recollection of the beauty that was laid beneath ; and might have listened and watched until they paled in the morning twilight, but for the deep, solemn sound of the old church-clock, warning me of the hour of midnight.

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HOPE : FROM THE GERMAN.

HOPE on the cradled infant smiles,  
And plays round the frolicksome boy ;  
The youth with her magical enchantment beguiles,  
Nor can age her power destroy ;  
For when in death at last he lies,  
Hope sits on the grave and points to the skies.

Nor is this the fair dream, unsubstantial and vain,  
Of a head with wild fancies elate ;  
The heart from within echoes loudly again,  
‘ We are born for a happier state : ’  
And what that voice would bid us believe,  
The hoping soul will never deceive !

## A N O L D M A N ' S R E M I N I S C E N C E .

'An old revolutionary officer, now living in New-York at the advanced age of ninety-one, in every respect a gentleman of the old school, paid a visit, some eight years since, to a friend in Albany; and while there, was taken to the house and room in which, fifty years before, he had been married. In a letter to his granddaughter he gave an account of this visit, and his feelings on the occasion; and she, having a rhyming propensity, threw the dear old gentleman and his reminiscence into the accompanying lines.'

An old man stood, in serious mood, within an ancient room,  
And o'er his features gathered fast a shade of deeper gloom,  
While to his eye, bedimmed with age, came up the gushing tears,  
As Memory from her hidden cells recalled long-buried years.

What were his thoughts that hour, which thus awakened many a sigh?  
What brought the shadow o'er his brow, the moisture to his eye?  
What in that old familiar place had power to touch his heart,  
To call that cloud of sorrow up, and bid that tear-drop start?

The past! the past! how rolled the tide of Time's swift river back,  
While the bright rays of youth and love shed lustre on its track!  
Full fifty summer suns had shone, since on that silent spot  
Had passed a scene, while life was left could never be forgot.

There had the holiest tie been formed, the marriage vow been given,  
And she who spoke it then with him was now a saint in heaven!  
But long, long intervening years seemed like an idle dream,  
As o'er his soul with glowing light came that bright vision-gleam.

He stood before the holy man, with her his youthful bride,  
And spoke again the plighting word that bound him to her side;  
Again he clasped the small fair hand that hour had made his own,  
The vision faded — and he stood all desolate and lone!

His youthful brow is silvered o'er with four-score winters' snows;  
The faltering step, the furrowed cheek, tell of life's certain close:  
The plighted bride, the faithful wife, beloved so long, so true,  
Now sleeps beneath the burial-sod where spring the wild-flowers blue.

There is no music in his home, no light around his hearth!  
The childish forms that frolicked there, have passed with all their mirth;  
Years have rolled by — the changing years — and now he stands *alone*,  
Musing upon 'the past! the past!' — hopes faded, loved ones gone!

Yet, aged pilgrim! dry the tear — suppress the rising sigh;  
Look upward, onward, to the scenes of immortality!  
Fleet be the moments, if they bear in their resistless flight  
The spirit on to that pure world of blessedness and light.

There are thy loved ones, gathered safe, in beauty side by side,  
And there the partner of thy life, thy manhood's gentle bride;  
Fair as she stood in that sweet hour, this day recalled to mind,  
A little season gone before, a better rest to find:  
And thou, when death shall close thine eye, in heaven that rest wilt share,  
And find the tie once broken here, indissoluble *there*.

. New-York, August, 1843.

M. N. M.



## THE INNOCENCE OF A GALLEY-SLAVE.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

FOR more than six weeks doctor Mallet had two patients instead of one under his charge, in the house of Monsieur Gorsay. For some days the situation of Lucia seemed more precarious than that of the old man, to whom ungratified vengeance imparted an energy which triumphed over the weakness of age, as well as the severity of his wounds. While the outraged husband thus clung desperately to life, which he would not leave unavenged, the young wife, stricken by gloomy despair, seemed hastening to meet an untimely and longed-for dissolution.

On seeing her becoming day by day more feeble and more excited, the prey of a slow fever which after exhausting the body threatened to seize upon the brain, and extinguish reason, the physician regretted more than once the rude test to which he had resorted, with the view of rendering his remedies more efficacious by disclosing the source of the malady. By degrees, however, his persevering efforts triumphed over a disease whose hold the youth of Lucia rendered less tenacious. The fever abated before it had carried its ravages into the sanctuary of the mind; as a conflagration, after destroying many meaner buildings, has its progress stayed at the threshold of a stately temple. The young wife gradually recovered her strength, and preserved her mental powers. Sad triumph of art! With loss of reason she would perhaps have lost the sense of her misfortune.

Monsieur and Madame Gorsay had not seen each other since the day of the attempted assassination. Separated from each other, but united by one common thought, equally bitter to both, during the long hours of their sad vigils they had emptied to the dregs the contents of the empoisoned chalice of an ill-assorted union. Monsieur Gorsay was first in a condition to infringe the strict rules established by the physician. One evening, taking advantage of the momentary absence of his attendant, he left his apartment, and with difficulty ascended to that of Lucia. With a gesture of command he dismissed the nurse, who, terrified by his unexpected appearance, stood for some moments motionless at the door. Lucia was sitting, or rather reclining, upon a sofa near the fire-place. At sight of her husband she made no movement, spoke not a word, but remained motionless, with eyes riveted upon him with an expression of horror. Husband and wife gazed on each other for some time in silence, marking with gloomy avidity the ravages which disease and suffering had made upon both since their separation. The old man found the young wife whom he had left full of bloom and freshness, now wan and emaciated. Lucia per-

ceived many new furrows on the brow of her husband; but soon her whole attention was absorbed by the peculiar expression of his eyes, which glowed upon her with implacable passion.

'It seems then that I must pay you a visit, since you do not choose to descend,' said Monsieur Gorsay, seating himself at the other side of the fire-place.

'They might have told you that I was ill myself,' replied Lucia, in a feeble voice.

'And had you not been ill you would not have left me? Oh! I doubt it not!' said the old man, with a bitter smile. But yes; I see that you have been ill. You are so changed, that when I first entered I hardly knew you. To judge from your appearance, you must have suffered much.'

'Much!' said the young female, repressing a sigh.

'To suffer! and at your age! this seems very unjust, does it not?' continued Monsieur Gorsay with ironical compassion; 'for *me* now, who have lived so long, and am only fit for the grave, suffering is very suitable. But for you, a child, a flower, to suffer! Yes indeed, I can imagine how so strange a destiny surprises you, and makes you murmur. It was *my* part to suffer all the pains, yours to enjoy all the pleasures. What are a few drops of useless blood in comparison with those bitter pearls, the traces of which I see in your eyes? I have been a great egotist, no doubt; I ought to have shed your tears as well as my own, so that the lustre of your beauty might not have been dimmed; and I would have had but a sorrow the more!'

The old man dropped his head upon his breast, and remained silent for some time.

'You do not answer me,' continued he, steadily regarding his wife.

'You have asked me nothing,' answered Lucia, with a mournful air.

'You are right; my head is so weak that I cannot remember what I have been saying the minute previous; or rather, I think I said what was not in my thoughts. What was it I wished to ask you? Ah! here it is!' continued he, after having appeared to tax his memory; 'do you think yourself strong enough to bear a short journey?'

'What journey?' said the wife, with secret disquietude.

'The journey to Bordeaux. You know it is but a short distance.'

'And what have we to do at Bordeaux?' replied she, in an altered tone.

'We must be there at the opening of the assizes,' answered Monsieur Gorsay, with affected sang froid. 'I received a summons a few days since, inclosing one for you. They are going to try this man, and it is necessary that we should give our testimony.'

Lucia arose, and fell at the knees of her husband, grasping convulsively both his hands.

'I am guilty!' exclaimed she, in an accent to which despair gave inexpressible poignancy; 'I have broken my vows; I have forgot-

ten my duties; I have deceived and betrayed you; I am a miserable wretch, unworthy of forgiveness! I expect neither favor, nor pity, nor mercy. Trample me under your feet; I will not utter a complaint! Kill me; I will make no resistance! I ask nothing for myself — I desire nothing.'

'For *whom* then do you ask any thing? and *what* do you desire?' replied the old man, sternly.

'What do I desire!' exclaimed she, with redoubled energy; 'I desire, I implore, that you will not cause another, much less guilty than myself, to bear the punishment of my crime. I desire you to retract a declaration more cruel than a murder — for the dagger only deprives of life, the scaffold bears away honor likewise. If you wish for blood, why not accuse *me*? There are women who kill their husbands; why might I not be one of these? Denounce me; I will avow every thing. You will be free from a crime which ought to fill you with horror; and an innocent man will not be made to suffer death.'

'All this is very heroic,' said Monsieur Gorsay, with imperturbable raillery; 'but I have too good an opinion of our friend to believe that *he* would be willing to save his life at the expense of yours. It is his duty, as a devoted lover, to suffer himself to be condemned to death without saying a word; and I am sure that he will do so.'

'He *will* do so, most assuredly,' repeated Lucia, gazing fiercely at her husband; 'but will you, so near your own death, commit murder? Do you believe in God?'

'Was it Monsieur d'Aubian who taught you to believe in him?' said the old man.

'You are right — you are right! Choose the most cruel words; pierce my heart and avenge yourself; but let it be upon me alone.'

'And where would be the justice of that? By what rule should the most guilty go unpunished? No! for you, tears! — for him, death!'

'Death!'

'Perhaps only the galleys; we must not always look on the darkest side of the picture.'

'But he is innocent.'

'Innocent!' repeated Monsieur Gorsay, rising, and dragging his wife from the suppliant attitude she had assumed. 'In your estimation it is only the murderer, who plunges a dagger in your bosom, who is criminal. But do you think that the soul has no blood as well as the body? It is the price of this blood of my soul that he must pay, for he has shed it even to the last drop! Ah, Lucia! you do not comprehend that I love you! — that upon this wide earth you are my last, my only treasure! And you wish that I should pardon *him*! Never! never!'

He repulsed with an inexorable gesture the young female, who remained standing a few paces from him in an attitude of the deepest sadness and dejection. At this moment Doctor Mallet entered the room.

'It is a good sign when the patient begins to disobey the orders

of his physician,' said he, with affected pleasantry; 'however, Monsieur Gorsay, let me tell you that there is some imprudence in leaving your chamber.'

'I must accustom myself to it, however,' replied the old man. 'In about a fortnight I shall be obliged to take a journey, for reasons which admit of no excuse.'

'Ah! yes,' said the doctor, glancing furtively at Lucia, 'the trial at Bordeaux. We shall take the journey together; for I have also received a citation, although there is little that I can tell. Will Madame Gorsay accompany us?'

'In her present situation,' replied Monsieur Gorsay, composedly, 'I fear it would be imprudent, and perhaps dangerous. You, who are her physician, will doubtless not refuse a certificate which I can produce before the president of the assizes.'

'We will see about it,' said Monsieur Mallet, with an evasive smile. 'Thank God! Madame Gorsay is now completely convalescent, and a little excursion, far from being attended with danger, would probably be of service to her. But we will decide this matter when the time arrives. In the meanwhile, my good patient, will you please descend to your own apartment? Here is my arm. Madame has been up too long to-day; she is fatigued, and must be left to repose herself a little.'

Offering no remark, Monsieur Gorsay accepted the proffered arm of the physician, and took leave of his wife with hypocritical tenderness. The two men left the room, to which, in about half an hour, Monsieur Mallet returned alone.

'Doctor, I will go to Bordeaux,' said Lucia, abruptly, who seemed to have expected his return.

'I have my doubts of it, but should like to be certain,' replied the physician, with a mournful smile.

'You will not give the certificate which is asked of you?' continued she, with an air at once of command and entreaty.

'I cannot give it conscientiously. You are in fact sufficiently strong to bear the fatigue of so short a journey; but it is not the journey that I dread; it is the sojourn there.'

Lucia briskly approached the doctor, and laid her hand upon his mouth. 'In the name of Heaven, not a word more!' said she; 'whatever you may have seen, heard, or suspected, (for during my fever I doubtless have spoken,) whatever you may now know, say nothing to me. Pity an unfortunate woman; serve me, but spare my feelings! May I rely upon you?'

'As on a father,' replied Monsieur Mallet, with tenderness; and he pressed to his lips the hand she had laid upon them.

THE attempt made upon the person of Monsieur Gorsay produced through all the department of the Gironde a sensation exceeding any thing that had been known for many years previously. The age and wealth of the victim; the respect in which he was generally held in the country; the strange contrast between the two indi-

viduals apprehended on suspicion; the one a man of the world, connected with the best families of Guienne, and already somewhat noted for the follies of a dissipated youth; the other a convict just released from the galleys, as was stated on the first examination; and lastly, the illness of Madame Gorsay, which was generally attributed to conjugal attachment, the more meritorious, considering the age of its object; all these circumstances, over which there still hovered a mysterious uncertainty, had excited public curiosity to the highest pitch. Every one was impatient to solve the bloody enigma. The two accused individuals especially became the daily subjects of a multitude of conjectures, of explanations, of discussions, of wagers even, which were sustained with equal obstinacy by each party. Some refused to give credence to the guilt of Arthur. Of this party were in the first place all the women; who could believe the possibility that a man worthy of their regard might commit a poetical crime, but not that he could be guilty of a petty offence.

'Shocking!' exclaimed the fashionable fair ones of Bordeaux: 'Monsieur d'Aubian, with whom we used to dance last winter, he assassinate an old man! A young man of such polished manners! so agreeable, so witty, and with such a true Spanish air! He attempt to kill an old man to steal his purse! Preposterous!'

Had Arthur been accused of stabbing Monsieur Gorsay with some romantic intent, to run away with his wife for instance, the thing, however dreadful, might have had an air of probability. Sentimental spirits would not have refused pity for a crime thus ennobled by passion; but to stick a knife in a man for the purpose of afterward emptying his pockets—this was the act of a galley-slave, and not that of a gentleman. Thus reasoned female good sense; which, as is generally the case, reasoned with tolerable correctness.

On the other side, Bonnemain did not lack officious defenders. And first, he had on his side the lower orders, naturally hostile to the aristocracy, and who, between two suspected individuals, naturally lean toward the one in the lowest station. Then came the friends of humanity, philanthropists by profession, emancipators of negroes, and all those individuals who busy themselves with the future prospects of nations, and the progress of society; a race abounding in compassionate souls, in whose estimation a man of the meanest nature, provided he is guiltless of actual crime, and especially if he has just been released from the galleys, becomes a prodigiously estimable character. These persons did not content themselves with treating as a frivolous, and even a barbarous prejudice, the opinion which sought to vindicate d'Aubian, by recalling the former suspicious circumstances of the life of his fellow-accused: they awaited more impatiently than the others the result of the trial, fully expecting to find in the acquittal of Bonnemain a new text for their sermons against the prejudices which dare to hold in legitimate suspicion those unfortunates whose moral education the galleys have just completed.

Between these two opinions a third sentiment prevailed: it was that of those impartial men, who, to reconcile all differences, maintained that both the accused were equally guilty, and anticipated the verdict of the jury, by proclaiming their confederation to be beyond a doubt. This third party, which it was whispered had good reasons for its existence, succeeded in making the difficulty more complicated instead of clearing it up.

While the crime and the approaching trial were thus the general topic of conversation, on both sides of the Garonne, for twenty leagues around, the investigation was pursued with the activity which the importance of the case and the near approach of the assizes demanded. The details of the inquiry seemed to add weight to the opinion of those who were for acquitting the galley-slave at the expense of the lover. To the reiterated questions put to them, the prisoners both persisted in the system of absolute denial behind which they had, in the first instance, entrenched themselves; but in proportion as the new facts brought to light during the procedure appeared favorable to Bonnemain, so much the more overwhelming did they seem for Arthur. Except this latter, who was unwilling to make any disclosures, no one at the time of the attempt had seen the galley-slave. Arrested at break of day on the road to Bordeaux, it was no difficult matter for him to explain the cause of his early peregrination. His story was, that suspecting his companions had discovered his real condition, he was fearful of being denounced by them to the officers of justice, and of being pursued for having broken his sentence of banishment. That he might not be arrested, he had resolved to quit the country, and had set out in the middle of the night that his departure might not be noticed. The pieces of gold found upon him were the fruits of economy, and the amount was not sufficient to render this assertion improbable. Beside, no traces of blood had been discovered upon his dress, either in consequence of his having changed his clothes between the commission of the crime and his arrest, or of his having, in the very perpetration of the deed, preserved sufficient coolness to avoid all tell-tale stains. In fact his hands, which were carefully examined, seemed clean, without the appearance of having been recently washed; for the adroit villain, to avoid giving a pretext for suspicions which might have been excited by a neatness seldom practised by country laborers, a race of men in general very guiltless of ablutions, had with ingenious refinement worn gloves when he committed the deed. As for the knife which was used, no one had ever seen it in the possession of the culprit; and were it not for the circumstance of his former condemnation, he would probably have at once been set at liberty for want of proofs.

But while the innocence of Bonnemain, at each new step in the investigation, appeared more evident, proofs more and more weighty accumulated around Arthur; proofs sufficient to have established his guilt, even without the damning declaration of Monsieur Gorsay. The knife, it is true, could not be proved as belonging to



him; but other evidence was brought forward, not less conclusive. The rope-ladder was identified by a rope-maker, who declared that he had sold it to Monsieur d'Aubian some months previously. It was evident from this fact that the entry of Arthur into the park was not accidental but premeditated; the instruments used for scaling walls being found in his possession. It was farther proved that during the summer Monsieur Gorsay had received at Bordeaux a payment of twenty thousand francs, which he had immediately converted into gold, and that d'Aubian, who was the fellow traveller of the old man on the occasion, had knowledge of these two facts. On an investigation of the previous life of the accused, it appeared that for several years past, he had lost at play large sums of money, and had contracted debts, for the discharge of which his patrimony seemed insufficient; and when the domiciliary visit was made to his house, very little money was found there. From all these circumstances, skilfully grouped, and made to throw light upon each other by their juxtaposition, the gentlemen of the law, practised in the subtle deductions of judicial logic, found little difficulty in arriving at a decisive conclusion. In their eyes, Arthur d'Aubian, ruined by play, and unable to borrow more money, had determined to commit a robbery, which chance had nearly converted into a murder. Indeed, it was only those who were most lenient in their judgment, who admitted this last supposition. The Dracos of the bar considered the premeditation of the murder, as well as of the lesser crime, fully established.

Such was the situation of affairs, and the state of public opinion, when the court at length opened at the principal city of the department. The prisoners had been removed a few days previously from the house of detention at Reole to the central prison of Bordeaux. The witnesses, among whom were Monsieur Gorsay and his wife, arrived at that city shortly afterward. At the approach of the last scene of a drama, with which all minds had been occupied for more than two months, public curiosity was raised to a pitch of extreme excitement. The disclosures of the inquest had thinned the ranks of the defenders of Arthur: the women alone generally remained true to him; and the stronger the presumptive proofs appeared against him, the more ardent they became in his defence.

'What signify all these quibbles of the law?' said the most zealous of his fair partizans; 'he has been known to lose money at cards; this only proves that he is not lucky at play. He has debts; how could it be otherwise, when a young man goes into society without a fortune? And above all, it seems he sometimes made use of a rope-ladder. This is the grand crime! Poor young man!'

The rope-ladder, indeed, had contributed to strengthen in the hearts of many of the defenders of Arthur the interest which he had at first excited. Even in the bosom of the court itself a party had declared in his favor.

'If you convict him I will never forgive you!' said the wife of the judge-advocate to her husband, who was charged with the support of the prosecution.

'I shall certainly convict him,' replied the magistrate, 'for I am as well convinced of his guilt as if I had seen him commit the crime.'

'And I would not believe it,' said Arthur's fair champion, 'even if I had seen it.'

'It is a fortunate thing for society that women cannot serve on juries,' replied the advocate-general, shrugging his shoulders; 'it would be out of the question for them to convict a criminal, provided he was five-and-twenty, well made, with bright eyes and curling hair.'

In accordance with that law of gradation which seems so natural that it is observed even in affairs of the greatest moment, the case of Gorsay had been reserved for the last of the session. The petty larcenies, misdemeanors, forgeries, murders without premeditation, and other ordinary crimes, punishable at most with the galleys, were first hurried over, exciting but little interest except in members of the bar, and the habitual attendants upon the assizes: but when the day came for the trial of the prisoners, whose names were in all mouths, the court room was not large enough to contain the crowds which early in the morning besieged its doors. Almost the whole space allotted to the public on ordinary occasions was now reserved for the more favored amateurs of justice. Many young men, who had been on terms of intimacy with Arthur, exhibited great curiosity to see how he would look when placed upon the culprit's stand. These excellent friends, introduced within the privileged inclosure, some by favor, others under the robes of members of the bar, settled themselves clamorously on the seats of the lawyers, behind the tribune, wherever in short they could find a seat or foot-hold. By a gallant attention on the part of the president of the assizes, the interior of the judgment-hall had been exclusively reserved for ladies of condition, who were there crowded together, bustling and buzzing like a swarm of bees in their hive. On the previous evening, the greater part of these butterflies of fashion had cast with dramatic effect their bouquets at the feet of Mademoiselle Taglioni, who was then performing at Bordeaux; and now, with the person half hid by a large veil, (at the court of assizes the veil is etiquette, as the bouquet is at the theatre,) with pockets well supplied with scent-bottles, and handkerchief in hand ready for the expected tear, they were awaiting, but not in silence, the dénouement of a drama more piquant than that of the theatre, and emotions more touching than the enchantments of the Sylphide.

The simultaneous entrance of the court and prisoners produced in this brilliant audience one of those sudden movements which resemble the phenomena of electricity. The whole assemblage rose with one movement; and soon it appeared that the women had the advantage over the men; for all of them, even the most timid, in the excitement of the moment, had sprung upon their chairs. The

plebeians in the hindmost ranks, protested with indignant outcries against this screen of hats and shawls, which at such an interesting moment hid from their gaze the spectacle so long and anxiously waited for. Some time elapsed before the constables could restore order and obtain silence: at length the female part of the audience consented to be seated, and the plumed bevy settled down, as the waves of the ocean subside when the tempest which excited them has passed away.

All eyes, however, remained intently fixed upon the two accused, who, in obedience to that principle of equality with which the law regards all its victims, were placed side by side, the gentleman and the galley-slave on the ignominious bench allotted to the prisoners. Two months of captivity, the termination of which might be the scaffold, had impressed upon the features of Arthur deep and visible traces. The elegant young man, who during the preceding winter had obtained in the most brilliant saloons of Bordeaux a success which was due at least as much to his good looks as to his wit, now presented himself to the companions of his happy days, pale, wan, emaciated, and bearing on his countenance the impress of a destiny, the horror of which, while he bowed before its sway, he seemed fully to comprehend. But if his brow appeared colorless, and his eye deprived of the fire which his fair admirers had not unfrequently remarked in them, his countenance had at least lost none of its firmness and noble aspect. Without deigning to cast a look upon the man with whom he found himself coupled, nor upon the audience which, with greedy eyes and ears, he heard murmuring around him, like a pack of hounds yelping over their prey, he exchanged a few words with his counsel, whose friendship and devotion had been of long standing, and seated himself with a composed air, and remained in a fixed attitude, apparently indifferent to what was going on around him.

'Pon honor! the handsome d'Aubian is just now badly named,' said a youngster with no small pretensions to good looks himself, to one of his companions.

'The poor fellow cannot feel very much at his ease,' replied the other, who had been on terms of the greatest intimacy with d'Aubian; 'guilty or not, I should be sorry to have him convicted. But what an idea, to assassinate this poor old man! There were a thousand other means to get money.'

'What means?'

'Why, not one of these women here would have refused to lend him some.'

'Bah! women give, but do not lend,' said a third speaker, in a sententious tone.

'And is not that the same thing?'

'Either plan is bad enough,' said the dandy, with a prudish air; 'for my part, I would as soon take to stealing.'

'Is Madame Chamesson here?' asked Arthur's friend, who by thus naming a rich and superannuated old woman, from whom the

young coxcomb was more than suspected of receiving supplies, effectually closed his mouth.

In order to make a favorable impression upon the jury, Bonmain, who knew well the influence that the appearance of a prisoner often makes upon them, had employed all the little arts of the toilet which his person and situation would allow. Clad in a new suit, (thanks to the ten louis' of Monsieur Gorsay,) newly shaven, with modest and humble aspect, hands placed upon his knees, he held himself in an attitude so benign and reverential, that at the sight of this second Ambrose de Lamela, more than one spectator could not help whispering to his neighbor, 'Is it possible that this can be a liberated galley-slave? From his appearance, one would give him absolution without confession.'

The empanneling of the jury, the reading of the decree of reference and accusation, the interrogation of the accused, and the deposition of a number of witnesses, took up the whole of the first sitting; nor did the interest of the audience flag for a moment; but the mysterious and tragic character of the drama did not develop itself in all its deep import, until the second day, when from the witness chamber came forth an old man whose white hair, imposing features, and countenance calm in its severity, excited among all ranks of spectators a murmur of pity and respect. It was Monsieur Gorsay.

DURING two months, the sanguinary resentment in which the last energies of a man on the verge of the tomb had been concentrated had suffered no abatement; but it had by degrees undergone those modifications which time and reflection always bring with them. To the furious rage, the insatiable thirst for revenge, the blind frenzy, which in the first instance had caused him to regard the slightest delay in his vengeance as a mark of base imbecility, had succeeded a determination cold, patient, implacable, and the more terrible, inasmuch as instead of finding vent, it was restrained within the recesses of his own bosom. By long boiling in the heart, that crucible of flesh hotter than a brazen furnace, the disordered passions came at length to cast off the *scoriae* which changed the nature of their temper. The last stage in this refining process is hypocrisy, that wondrous power, which gains in depth what it hides upon the surface, and whose burst, when it breaks forth, is like the explosion of a volcano.

Monsieur Gorsay had thus comprehended the necessity of curbing his vengeance in order to render it more effective. When he entered the court-room, his countenance and deportment would have done credit to a consummate actor. Far from betraying the deadly hate which was gnawing at his heart, his eyes, as they rested for a moment upon Arthur, only expressed a mournful compassion, by which the audience were sensibly affected. At this look, in which he had expected to have found rage but not deceitful pity, d'Aubian felt that his doom was fixed; and replied by a bitter smile to the

magnanimous forgiveness with which the old man seemed to overwhelm him. The eyes of Monsieur Gorsay then glanced over the convict without resting on him; but in spite of the rapidity of the movement, the expression was so significant, that to hide the impression produced, Bonnemain turned away his head, and for some time kept his eyes fixed steadily on the ground.

'What a fine old cock it is!' said he to himself; 'I was sure that he would not send me to the gallows. A great comfort it will be to him to have this tall fellow's neck stretched! Egad! had I been married to such a pretty wife, I would have acted just so myself. A bad fellow, that d'Aubian. When I think of the damage I was going to do this respectable old gentleman, I feel quite ashamed of myself. But what a devil of an idea to say to me, 'Bonnemain, rid me of this man and you shall have ten thousand francs,' and then to show me, at the same time, twenty thousand in that cursed secretary, which would n't be opened! Who could hesitate between ten thousand and twenty thousand?'

The most profound silence prevailed while Monsieur Gorsay replied to the questions of form which the presiding judge of the assizes put to him. This formality being finished, the old man sat down in front of the bench and turned toward the jury; then in a deep voice, the faltering tones of which seemed the effect of the regret which a generous mind feels at being compelled to turn accuser, he repeated word for word the declaration which he had made on the day of the attempted assassination. This recital stated in substance, that being asleep at the moment when he received the first blow, Monsieur Gorsay, before losing entirely his consciousness, had recognized the features of the murderer, who had lit a taper to enable him to force the secretary.

'Look at the accused,' said the president to the witness; 'are you quite sure that he whom you recognized was Arthur d'Aubian?'

The old man turned toward the prisoner, and cast upon the lover of Lucia a look in which triumph was admirably veiled by the semblance of pity. 'It was he indeed!' said he, with a sigh; 'in vain do I wish not to recognize him.'

A general and prolonged sensation throughout the crowded audience followed this declaration. Arthur alone remained apparently unmoved, and contented himself with a scornful smile.

'Monsieur President,' said one of the jurors, when silence was reëstablished, 'I should like the witness to tell us whether prior to this attempt there was any subject of enmity between the accused and himself.'

This question excited a lively interest, particularly among the females, who though constrained to believe in the guilt of Arthur, could not admit that a robbery was the end in view. The prisoner himself slightly colored, and seemed to experience a secret disquietude. Monsieur Gorsay, however, was prepared for every interrogatory, and this one gave him neither surprise nor trouble.

'Monsieur d'Aubian and myself,' replied he, 'have been for a long time neighbors; and our intercourse has always been that of confi-

dence, of cordiality, and I may say of friendship; and on my part at least, spite of the blood that has been spilt, these sentiments are not yet annihilated. I feel this in the deep grief I have experienced these two months past; and I assure you that this unhappy event has caused me more anguish of mind than bodily suffering.'

The altered voice and sad expression of countenance of the old man excited in the audience a new murmur of pity.

'So then,' continued the president, 'you know of no cause to which the attempt, of which you have been the victim, may be attributed?'

'The cause,' replied Monsieur Gorsay, in a melancholy tone, 'is in my opinion that deplorable passion for play, which has already ruined so many young men worthy of a better fate. Monsieur d'Aubian played deeply and unsuccessfully: my advice could not withdraw him from this abyss, which every day became deeper. In a moment of despair he must have thought of the money which he had seen me receive some time before. Why did not the unfortunate man ask me for it, instead of seeking to gain possession of it in such a deplorable manner? If he had only placed confidence in me; if he had considered that the purse of an old friend was at his service; this fatal event could never have happened, and we should not have been both here; I in despair at being his accuser, and he —'

The old man here paused, as if intense grief had cut short his words; and his outstretched arm, which he had raised to designate Arthur by a gesture of affection, dropped heavily to his side.

This touching discourse, this mock appearance of paternal grief, produced among the spectators, and even on the benches of the judges and jury, one of those thrilling emotions which honest hearts always feel at the sight of an heroic action. Monsieur Gorsay, pitying instead of heaping curses upon his assassin, appeared to the pious part of the audience a most virtuous observer of the precepts of the gospel; the men of letters compared him to Don Gusman bestowing forgiveness upon Zamora; the women even, seduced by a greatness of soul, set off by the long white hair, studied accent, eyes expressive in spite of age; in a word, by all the dramatic accessories which are so effective, suddenly transferred to the magnanimous old man the interest which most of them until then had preserved for the young accused.

'How handsome he must have been forty years ago!' cried one of them, in an artless transport.

'He is so still,' replied her neighbor, outdoing her in this admiration; 'moral beauty has no age. What generosity! What nobleness! I can now comprehend how Madame Gorsay should have fallen dangerously ill at the prospect of losing him.'

'It is King Lear!' observed a romantic Philaminta, devoted to the study of Shakspeare.

This epithet passed from mouth to mouth, and was sententiously pronounced by those who scarcely understood its meaning.



‘Have you any remarks to make upon the deposition of the witness?’ asked the president, addressing d’Aubian.

The accused arose, and seemed for a moment to be struggling with a violent temptation, which he succeeded in conquering.

‘For the sake of my memory,’ said he, ‘for it is not my life which I would now defend, I must repeat that I am innocent of the crime of which I am accused. As for the declaration of Monsieur Gorsay, it is not for me to dispute it. Let your justice pronounce sentence; I shall know how to submit to it.’

This protestation seemed as cold as it was constrained, and was unfavorably received.

‘Innocence does not express itself thus,’ said to themselves the greater part of the spectators; ‘one does not submit passively to an unjust sentence, but rather expresses indignation at it.’

A submission so extraordinary strengthened instead of destroying the proofs. ‘This man is guilty,’ was the general impression; ‘it is written in his countenance.’

Monsieur Gorsay, having finished his testimony, took his seat among the witnesses, overwhelmed on his passage with unequivocal proofs of the deep interest he had excited.

For a few moments the audience were occupied in private converse; but suddenly this confused murmur was changed to a death-like silence, on the president’s saying, in a voice which was heard throughout all the assemblage, ‘Introduce Madame Gorsay.’

An officer left the hall, and almost immediately returned, preceding the young wife, who at once became the object of general curiosity. With head erect, countenance glowing with a hectic flush, and the inspired air of a Sybil, she advanced with firm step to the edge of the stand on which the witnesses are placed when they give testimony. There she stopped, apparently deaf to the words which the president addressed to her. Her gaze, in which gleamed forth wildness, ran over the crowded audience beneath her, with unnatural boldness. Quickly catching the prisoners’ seat, she fixed her eyes upon d’Aubian with an unutterable look of eagerness, of love, and of despair; then, with a gesture frenzied but not involuntary, Lucia stretched out her arms toward her lover, and with a thrilling voice, ‘Arthur!’ exclaimed she, ‘I am here!’

This cry of succor, fierce as the roar of a wounded lioness, sent an electric shudder through the thousand veins of that crowded multitude, greedy of emotions, and now supplied with them beyond their most sanguine hopes. In the midst of the general confusion two men arose, the husband and the lover; the one trembling with rage, the other with pity.

‘This is a trait of madness!’ exclaimed Monsieur Gorsay; ‘the evidence of a mad woman cannot be received.’

‘Mad!’ said Lucia, casting a look of defiance toward her husband; then turning to the president of the court, ‘Question me, Sir; you will see whether I am mad or not; whether I cannot comprehend your questions, and answer them in a rational manner. Mad! I may soon become so; but at this moment I have full possession

of my reason. I know perfectly well what I am doing, and what I am saying.'

'Compose yourself, Madame, I pray you; I am about to put some questions to you,' said the president, who thought he saw in the eyes of Lucia the threatening gleams of insanity, which contradiction might exasperate.

'Monsieur President, I object to this examination;' repeated Monsieur Gorsay, in a half-choked voice; 'I shall prove that for some time past the reason of my unhappy wife has been disturbed. Monsieur Mallet, her physician, and one of the witnesses here present, if he is willing to tell the truth, can testify to this fact.'

'Monsieur Mallet,' said the president, 'will you approach and judge for yourself whether Madame is in a fit condition to undergo an examination?'

Lucia smiled on the physician as he ascended the steps of the stand, and stretched out her hand to him when he drew near, with a gesture full of confidence. The possessor of a secret discovered by his penetration, the physician would have suffered Arthur to have been condemned, rather than have ruined a woman for whom he had long felt an attachment almost paternal; but he did not carry his chivalric refinement so far as to be willing to save her in spite of herself, by keeping his mouth closed. 'A man's life is at stake,' thought he; 'if she loves him well enough to sacrifice her happiness for him, what right have I to prevent her?'

He took the arm of the young woman, to feel her pulse; a superfluous formality, for it could teach him nothing which he knew not already. 'Madame has a high fever,' said he, in the midst of silence so profound that it seemed as if every breath was suspended; 'for two months this has been her habitual state. One of the features of this malady, which the efforts of art have not yet been able to subdue, is an irregular exacerbation, which the slightest emotion increases; but between this irritation of the nervous system and a disturbance of the mental faculties, there is, thank God! a wide difference. Madame Gorsay, as she herself has just affirmed, is in full possession of her reason; and I am convinced that she will understand perfectly well the questions that may be put to her, and also the import of her own answers.'

The audience received this declaration of the physician with a murmur of satisfaction; and in its frivolous cruelty prepared to devour the scandal, of which for a few moments it feared it would have been deprived. Transported with rage, Monsieur Gorsay would have clambered up the steps of the stand to drag down his wife, but the *gen d'armes* prevented his passing, and he fell back upon a bench, where he remained with face hid in his hands, apparently insensible. Arthur, upon whom Lucia kept her eyes ardently fixed, besought her by a look not to betray any farther a love, the avowal of which must cover her with disgrace. In reply to this mute prayer, he only obtained an impassioned gesture, which expressed her unshaken resolution to save him or perish with him.

Meanwhile, a lively discussion was going on among the judges,

whose sagacity had not foreseen this romantic incident. For the sake of public morals, the president wished to suppress the interrogation of Madame Gorsay, who could throw no light on the main fact of the assassination. He succeeded in bringing his colleagues over to this opinion; but the public prosecutor, whose consent was necessary, was not a man to give up, from motives of humanity, the prospect of a development of additional crime, which being ingrafted by him upon an accusation already capital, promised to make it one of the most interesting criminal trials which the court of Bordeaux had ever known. On being consulted by the president of the court, the red-gowned accuser therefore briefly declared that the testimony of the witness appeared to him to be indispensable.

During this discussion, Madame Gorsay remained upright and motionless, earnestly gazing upon Arthur. The proudness of her bearing at this moment might have seemed the effect of a masculine, or rather a super-human energy, were it not for a tremor, almost imperceptible, which forced her to lean her hand for support upon the chair which had been placed for her.

To the questions of form which were addressed her by the president, she replied in a clear and it might be said a composed manner; but when he requested her to tell the jury what she knew relating to the attempt made upon the person of her husband, she paused for a few moments; not that vulgar timidity caused the heroic determination of her heart to falter, but as if to collect at this decisive moment her physical energies, which seemed almost ready to abandon her.

'I have entered this place respected; I shall leave it disgraced!' said she at length, in an altered but thrilling voice. 'It matters little. Between *my* honor and *his* life I cannot hesitate. For ten months Arthur d'Aubian has been my lover; Arthur d'Aubian *is* my lover!' repeated she, with incredible energy, repressing with a commanding gesture the murmuring which these words produced; 'for ten months I have received his visits in my apartment, frequently at night. At the moment the crime was committed, I was awaiting him; if he was found in the park, it was because there was no other way to come to me. Arthur, I repeat, is my lover; who will dare say that he is an assassin?'

'I will!' exclaimed Monsieur Gorsay, rising in a transport of ungovernable fury.

'Then do you lie!' cried Lucia, whose look seemed to wither the old man. 'This man lies!' continued she, pointing with her finger to her husband. 'I have betrayed him; he knows it; and to revenge himself, he accuses Arthur of a crime. I have myself proposed to him to accuse me of the deed. I should not have denied it; but he would not. The blood of a woman would not suffice him; he must have that of Arthur; of Arthur whom I love, I do not say more than my life — that would be but little — but more than my honor!'

Lucia here interrupted herself, and cast her sparkling eyes toward that part of the hall occupied by the female part of the

audience, among whom a lively agitation was manifested, and whose whisperings clearly condemned an avowal so contrary to all received usages.

‘You speak of immodesty,’ said she to them, with a bitter smile. ‘Spite of your want of pity, I would not wish any one of you to become so wretched as to learn that there is yet one thing more powerful than shame; and that is, despair. Think you, if the scaffold were not in view, I should thus hold up my disgrace for your contempt? They are about to kill him, I tell you; and must I let him die, that your blushes for me may be spared?’

As she pronounced these last words, Lucia reeled and closed her eyes, while a death-like paleness took the place of the burning hue with which fever had colored her cheeks. The supernatural energy which had thus far sustained her, suddenly gave way, as the flame of a torch is extinguished by a blast of wind. Doctor Mallet, who stood at the foot of the stand, watching with vigilant anxiety the slightest movement of the young woman, threw himself forward and received her in his arms the moment she fell. Others ran to his assistance, and Lucia was speedily carried into the witnesses’ hall. She remained there for some time, apparently lifeless; but soon there followed this swoon a succession of convulsions more dreadful than any she had ever before experienced.

‘The court is adjourned for half an hour,’ said the president, despairing of obtaining immediate silence or attention.

These words completely let loose the storm; and the audience-chamber suddenly assumed the appearance of a tempestuous sea. A hundred conversations, equally lively, took place at once. The conduct of Madame Gorsay became the inexhaustible text for comments the most violent and contradictory. Some thought her crazy, others frightful, while a third class pronounced her sublime. In general, the old men were of the first opinion, the women of the second, and the young men of the third.

‘How happy must this d’Aubian be!’ exclaimed one of these latter, in an extatic tone.

‘Happy! to be on the culprit’s seat!’ replied with a sneer a man of more mature years.

‘And what matters that? Is there a humiliation which may not be effaced, or a grief which cannot be consoled, by the happiness of inspiring such a passion? Spite of its ignominy, even the culprit’s seat becomes a throne for him who reigns over such a noble heart. Oh! to be loved thus — and die!’

The kindling eyes of the young enthusiast addressed this sentimental exclamation to a pretty blonde, whose coquetry had kept him for six months on the culprit’s seat, while waiting for the throne of love.

‘To be loved is no doubt vastly agreeable,’ replied the matter-of-fact man; ‘but to die! and upon the scaffold! Rather you than I, my fine fellow!’

On resuming the sittings, the president gave notice that the very critical situation of Madame Gorsay having rendered it necessary

that she should be removed home, both the accusation and the defence might have the benefit of her deposition, and that it would remain for the jury to decide upon its value. 'The list of witnesses is exhausted,' added he; 'Monsieur the Public Prosecutor has the floor.'

In legislative and judicial discussions, those incidents which sometimes turn up in a manner completely unexpected, are the rocks on which ordinary speakers, whose presence of mind is disturbed as soon as they are taken unawares, usually make shipwreck; but which master minds, practised in debate, have the power of adroitly turning to their own advantage. On the present occasion, the public prosecutor, a native of Bordeaux, although in other respects a superficial lawyer, possessed in common with many of his countrymen the faculty of improvisation, which seems, by one act of the mind, to combine thought and its expression. The reverse of the Abbe de Verlot, he would have recommenced the siege, and taken Malta, watch in hand, in ten different ways. Without the least appearance of embarrassment at an event which seemed to have changed the whole aspect of the proceedings, this able tactician gradually developed the plan of the accusation, as he had prepared it in the silence of his chamber. With the unwearied patience of the ant, adding little by little, grain of sand upon grain of sand, he heaped upon d'Aubian a mountain of proofs, under which the strength of Hercules would have given way; and then, when the mass seemed already sufficiently weighty, overwhelming, and unmovable, he suddenly added, as a terrible and unexpected crowning of the work, the deposition of Madame Gorsay.

'In an excess of despair,' exclaimed he, in a pathetic tone, 'a respectable old man, a husband cruelly outraged, tells you, 'This woman is deranged.' A noble and a mournful untruth, which I cannot blame, but which is still a falsehood! No, gentlemen; this woman is not deranged; her physician tells you she is not. She is not mad, unless you term madness the unbridled phrenzy of an adulterous passion, which, with bold front and audacious eye, unveils itself in the very sanctuary of justice, there to enact the deplorable scene with which all hearts seem yet filled. By trampling under foot all reserve, all modesty, Madame Gorsay thought that she could save him whom she dares to call her lover. Unhappy woman! Who did not see, that far from being a justification, her disclosure only adds another proof to the accusation; a proof perhaps the most overwhelming of all! What, in fact, does this unheard of declaration prove? It proves this; that before carrying murder into the house of Monsieur Gorsay, the accused had commenced by the dishonor of his wife; thus making one crime the prelude of another. And so it always happens: '*Nemo repente turpissimus.*' And what! is it pretended that this disgraceful stain which has just been brought to the glare of day, can cover over the shed blood? No, gentlemen; the blood still remains beneath the

mire, and nothing shall prevent our tracking it from the victim directly to the assassin !'

The public prosecutor continued a long time in this strain, adding weight to his words by impassioned gestures, and fervent declamation. Proceeding from inductions to oratorical displays, from arguments to appeals to the passions, he succeeded in making the guilt of the accused a sort of luminous and baleful star, the existence of which none but a blind man or an idiot could deny. At the close of the peroration, Arthur stood convicted of having attempted to assassinate Monsieur Gorsay, not only for the purpose of getting possession of his money, but also that he might espouse the unfaithful wife, who by her widowhood would become a desirable object for a ruined gambler.

This eloquent piece of pleading produced upon the assemblage an overwhelming and decided impression, which the advocate of d'Aubian in vain endeavored to counteract. In vain he urged in favor of his client the confession of Lucia, which explained so naturally the circumstances metamorphosed by his opponent into additional proofs of guilt. In vain he essayed to prove that the deposition of Monsieur Gorsay was but a calumny inspired by vengeance. In his rejoinder, more withering even than his first speech, the prosecutor prostrated irrevocably in the dust every position and argument of the defence.

The jury, who counted among their number but two unmarried men, finding in the accused the seducer of a married woman, were not on that account disposed to be more lenient. In their eyes the offence against conjugal rights, instead of a palliation seemed an increase of crime. After a long and serious deliberation, they delared, by a majority of nine out of twelve, that Arthur d'Aubian was guilty of a premeditated attempt to murder, followed by an attempt at robbery. Bonnemain, against whom the prosecutor had abandoned proceedings, was unanimously acquitted.

In spite of the lateness of the hour, almost all the audience had remained in their places, that they might be present at the dénouement of the drama. The two prisoners, who had been removed from the hall while the foreman of the jury read their verdict, were presently brought back, and listened with a sort of impassive silence to the reading of the verdict, the requisition of the public prosecutor for the pronouncing of sentence, and finally the double decree pronounced by the judge. The only sign of joy manifested by the galley-slave on being acquitted, was a guttural sound produced by the eagerness with which he once more resumed the free use of his respiration.

'I should like devilish well to have a cup of water, or even of wine,' said he to the *gen d'arme* at his right.

Arthur received the verdict of the jury with firmness ; but when the president pronounced the sentence of the court, which condemned him to twenty years hard labor in the galleys, his head sunk upon his breast, and he remained for some time apparently stupefied.



‘Alphonse,’ said he at length, in a low voice to his defender, who was sitting in front of him, ‘you have done what you could for me, and I thank you; but the moment has come: remember your promise.’

‘It is not a decree of death!’ replied the young advocate, turning deadly pale.

‘It is the decree of a thousand deaths!’ replied the condemned, with energy; ‘would you have me go to the galleys? Remember your oath; you could not save my life — at least preserve my honor.’

He bent forward toward his friend; their hands met and interchanged a long and mysterious embrace. On resuming his position, Arthur saw, rising from the midst of the dense crowd, a lean and sinister figure, whose devouring eyes were fastened upon him with an expression of ferocious triumph. He replied to the fury of this look with the calm and disdainful smile of a man who rises superior to his fate.

‘Monsieur Gorsay,’ said he, in a firm tone, ‘look at me well, that you may not forget me at your hour of death!’

With these words, Arthur applied to his breast the point of the dagger which his friend had just given him, and with a firm hand buried it in his heart. He remained for a moment upright, his eyes wide open and fixed upon the old man, whom their terrible fascination filled with involuntary dread, and then suddenly fell like a tree severed by the axe.

A cry of horror arose on all sides. ‘Dead!’ exclaimed Doctor Mallet, who was among the first to hasten to him. ‘She mad, and he dead! My God! may Thy judgment be more merciful for them than that of men!’

‘Dead! very dead indeed!’ said Bonnemain, in his turn leaning over the body of the young man stretched at his feet. ‘To stick himself in that fashion because he was sentenced for twenty years! What a fool!’

THREE months after the trial, on a gloomy winter’s evening, Doctor Mallet entered the house of Monsieur Gorsay, to which, since their return from Bordeaux, he had been a daily visitant. Without asking for the old man, he ascended immediately to the apartment of Lucia, whose alarming situation required the assiduous attentions which the physician bestowed upon her with untiring devotion. He gently opened the door of her chamber, and approached the bed of the young woman, who seemed lying in a lethargic slumber. Without awaking her, he placed his finger on her throbbing pulse, and then with anxious hand gently pressed her forehead, which he found to be burning like the alabaster of an ever-lighted lamp.

‘The fever increases, and the brain is becoming more and more affected,’ said he to himself, shaking his head with a care-worn aspect. He then stood for some time, contemplating with mournful compassion the sufferer whose life he still hoped to save, but of whose reason he despaired.

'I am sure that something has happened here since yesterday,' said he at length, in a low voice, to a female somewhat advanced in years, and of a masculine exterior, who stood before the fireplace awaiting the doctor's orders.

'I have taken care of many sick persons,' replied the nurse, with uplifted hands and eyes, 'but have never seen such things as are going on here. In the first place, last night Madame gets up fast asleep, as she often does, but this time she tried to throw herself out of the window. She had got herself half over the balcony before I could get her in again.'

'You have been asleep then?' said Monsieur Mallet, in a tone of anger.

'Why I might have had a little sand in my eyes; one is not made of iron. But it was lucky I had a strong arm; if it had n't been for that, this poor lady would not now have had any need of a doctor. But this is nothing to what took place here this morning.'

'Has Monsieur Gorsay been up here?' asked the doctor quickly.

'You have hit it. And Madame, as soon as she saw him, fell into convulsions which lasted more than two hours. It took four of us to hold her; and then we could hardly do it. When her strength was all gone she fell asleep from weakness; but I have an idea that this sleep bodes nothing good.'

The recital of the nurse was here interrupted by a slight noise which the door made as it was partly opened. The physician briskly turned his head, and saw Monsieur Gorsay, who had stopped at the threshold. Hastening toward him, he thrust him back into the other apartment.

'You must not enter here!' said he to him in a tone of command. 'This morning you took advantage of my absence; but now you must obey me. What is it that you wish? Would you complete your work by killing her?'

'She is asleep,' replied the old man, in a submissive voice. 'I beseech you, doctor, let me enter. What do you fear? she sleeps; she will not see me.'

'Do you not know the strange lucidness of her slumbers? Even though sleeping, she will be aware of your presence.'

'Let me but look at her for a single moment,' said Monsieur Gorsay. 'This morning I had scarcely a glimpse of her; and you have kept me so long from her! Am I condemned never to see her again?'

'Your presence would kill her,' replied the doctor; 'as long as I am her physician, I shall oppose an interview for which there is no good object, and which cannot be other than injurious. In her present deplorable condition, the least increase of excitement would prove fatal. Spare her then, for Heaven's sake! Does not the blood of Arthur d'Aubian suffice you? Must you also have that of this unhappy woman?'

The old man bowed his head with a mournful air, and remained some moments before replying. Then turning toward Monsieur Mallet a look of the deepest despair:

'Doctor,' said he, in a tremulous voice, 'could my death save her, most willingly would I die this moment. But what can I, a miserable old man, do upon the earth? An object of horror and affright, without family, without friends, without children! She was all these to me; she was my joy, my happiness, my treasure. Ah! why was she not my daughter? Perhaps she then would have loved me!'

'But of what use are regrets, when the evil is past remedy?'

'Past remedy! I know of one, but it requires a courage which I no longer possess; for old age has weakened my spirit, and leaves it only the strength to suffer. Do you believe me, doctor? I have never been a coward; but now—I dare not kill myself. Think not that it is religion that restrains me; it is fear. I have the desire for suicide, but not the courage. *He* had it. *He*! young and beloved—he knew how to die. And I, so near the tomb that I have but to raise the stone to descend into it, I hesitate, and tremble! Weakness and cowardice—these are man's last companions!'

Monsieur Gorsay seemed to forget the presence of the physician, and re-descended to his apartment with slow and painful steps. He there passed the remainder of the evening motionless in his arm-chair, with head sunk upon his breast, eyes fixed, and draining drop by drop the inexhaustible sadness in which for many months his heart had been steeped. At eleven o'clock a domestic entering the room, he arose and permitted himself to be undressed with the passiveness of a machine: then, after swallowing a narcotic draught, which his sleeplessness had rendered necessary, he got into bed.

The most profound silence reigned throughout the house; the domestics had long since retired to their apartments. The lethargic sleep of Lucia still continued; and despite the occurrence of the preceding night, the nurse, according to her custom, was slumbering in the arm-chair. At length Monsieur Gorsay fell asleep. Suddenly the old man was aroused by the sound of the window-blind turning upon itself. Opening his eyes, he perceived with amazement, mingled with terror, a large band of silver which the moon projected through the shutters of the Venetian blinds upon the carpet. In a moment this was obscured by the figure of a man, who leaped into the room, and proceeded directly toward the bed with the rapid and stealthy tread of a tiger. Monsieur Gorsay endeavored to rise, but before he could utter a cry, or seize the bell-rope, he was assailed and thrown down by the robber, who with one hand grasped him by the throat, and with the other brandished a long knife, which he had carried open between his teeth.

'Mercy!—Bonnemain!' murmured the old man, who by the light of the moon had just recognized the murderer.

'Not a word! or I strike!' replied the galley-slave, in a low voice. 'Listen to me: you must get up, open the secretary, and give me the money. If you hold your tongue I will do you no harm; but if you attempt to speak a single word, I will let out your blood like that of a fowl! Do you understand me?'

Frozen with terror, Monsieur Gorsay made a sign of assent. He then arose, with the assistance of Bonnemain, who by way of precaution kept fast hold of his arm, took a key from the pocket of his riding-coat, opened the secretary and drew from the secret cavity the casket filled with gold, upon which, for the last five months, the galley-slave, by night and by day, had not ceased thinking.

‘Is this the whole?’ said he, as his eyes gloated over the prey.

‘It is all that I have here,’ replied Monsieur Gorsay, in a half articulate voice; ‘but I have some silver in the library; must I go and bring it?’

‘Thank you; you might alarm the servants, which would not be so pleasant. Too much appetite is hurtful. I must be content with the rouleaus.’

‘Take them then; I give them to you; and I swear never to betray you.’

‘I believe you; before an hour the beaks will be on my haunches, as the other time; not such a fool!’

With these words, the galley-slave, by a movement as rapid as unforeseen, passed behind Monsieur Gorsay, grasped him tightly, closed his mouth with his left hand, while with the other he stabbed him in the side with anatomical precision. Stricken to the heart, the old man bit convulsively the fingers of the assassin, uttered a stifled groan, and expired. Bonnemain laid him upon the floor in silence, and assured himself that no pulse beat any longer. Certain then of never being denounced by his victim, he arose and plunged his hand into the casket which stood upon the secretary. At this instant, the noise of a door opening sent an icy chill through his veins. He turned in confusion, and by the light of the moon, which alone illuminated the scene of murder, he discerned at the entrance of the chamber a figure in white, which to a superstitious mind might have seemed the avenging spirit of the murdered man. This apparition moved directly up to the assassin, who in his fright dropped both the dagger and the rouleaus of gold. Crawling on his hands and knees, he succeeded in regaining the window, through which he sprung with a desperate effort. He traversed the garden, scaled the wall of the inclosure, and fled across the country, bearing on his hands, as on the former occasion, blood but no gold.

Two hours after this, the attendant of Madame Gorsay awoke, and perceived that the bed of her charge was empty. Alarmed, she ran to the window but found it closed; she then saw that the door was partly open. Lighting a taper, she followed from chamber to chamber the tracks of the somnambulist, who in her progress had not closed any of the doors behind her. She at length came to the threshold of the chamber of Monsieur Gorsay, where she suddenly stopped, uttering a shriek of horror, which aroused and terrified the whole household.

In the full moonlight which illuminated part of the room, Lucia, with dishevelled hair and closed eyes, was sitting by the dead body of her husband. The childish amusement in which she seemed to be seriously engaged told that the wanderings of madness were

joined to those of somnambulism. She held the casket on her knees, turned out the rouleaus, one after the other, and scattered the pieces of gold upon the carpet, arranging them in symmetrical figures. The blood which flowed profusely from the old man's wound was mingled with this sport, and the fingers of the smiling idiot were dabbled in the purple gore.

Lucia, dragged from the fatal chamber, awoke only to fall into terrible convulsions, during which the last rays of reason seemed to be extinguished. The scene which had been enacted five months before on this spot was now repeated in a more fatal manner. The judicial inquest established in a positive manner that Madame Gorsay, in a fit of somnambulism, had assassinated her husband, against whom, since the death of Arthur d'Aubian, she had cherished an implacable hatred. It also appeared clearly demonstrated that she had only perpetrated during sleep a murder which had been long contemplated during her waking hours. Among the parties who held the inquest there were more than one who thought that even sleep was not a sufficient excuse for the deed, and that the matter ought to be brought before a jury; but the insanity of the accused having been legally proven, took away all pretext for a criminal procedure. Instead, therefore, of being incarcerated in a prison, the wretched widow was placed in a lunatic asylum; a step which to many seemed too lenient.

ONE day in the year 1838, among the persons whom curiosity had brought to the Institution at Charenton, might be seen a citizen of some fifty years of age, fat, well-conditioned, ruddy, and with clothes very well brushed. He gave his arm to a buxom female bedecked in full suit of holiday attire, and a finger to a child of about four years of age, whom maternal vanity had equipped in the martial uniform of an artillery officer. This group, a type of city felicity, the last reflex of patriarchal manners, was one which might have brought a smile of malice to the lip of an artist, or have furnished food for more serious reflection to a philosopher.

The head of this interesting family, who was about taking his son in his arms to give him a better view of the inmates of the establishment, suddenly stopped at sight of a female patient, still young and beautiful, who, without paying attention to any one, was walking up and down the small inclosure, repeating in a plaintive tone the name of 'Arthur.'

'What on earth ails you, Monsieur Bonnemain?' said the tawdry lady to her spouse. 'Why, you are as white as a sheet, and are all in a tremble!'

'It is from hunger then,' replied the old galley slave, as he recovered his sang froid, who, thanks to the dowry of his wife, had become the head of a flourishing commercial establishment; 'let us go to dinner. Achille is sleepy. These fools amuse me no longer. We have had enough of this stuff!'

## T H E C O U N T O F P A R I S .

THIS BEAUTIFUL REPLY WAS MADE DURING THE RECENT DEBATES CONCERNING THE REGENCY OF FRANCE.

## I.

WITHIN the palace walls they wept,  
The mother and her son ;  
She, the young widow of a prince,  
And he, her first-born one :  
The stamp of royalty was set  
Upon his broad, fair brow ;  
He was the kingdom's pride and boast —  
Heir of its glory now.

## II.

Wo for the doom of Orleans' line !  
Wo for the loved one dead :  
Wo for the king whose hope lies low —  
The land whose peace has fled !  
Already are dark threats breathed forth,  
And others claim the place  
That should be his, that princely boy's,  
The noblest of his race !

## III.

They come to ask his mother's rights,  
His mother's and his own ;  
The widow and the fatherless,  
They stand in grief alone !  
It was in honied tones they spoke,  
Yet 't was a bitter word :  
'The Regent of our France must know  
To wear and wield a sword !'

## IV.

The spirit of a line of kings,  
The Bourbon's race of pride,  
Flashed from the boy's bright eye, and thus  
His fearless voice replied :  
'I have a sword ; my mother's hand  
Can wave a banner bright,  
And France will fight for both of us,  
And for our holy right !'

## V.

God shield thee on thy doubtful path,  
Heir of a fickle throne !  
A bloody race, an early doom  
Its noblest ones have known ;  
The hand that should have guarded thee,  
Hath mouldered to decay ;  
God save thee in thy peril's hour,  
And guide thine onward way !

*New-York, July, 1843.*

A. R.



## SKETCHES OF EAST-FLORIDA.

## NUMBER ONE.

## 'OFFICER OF THE NIGHT.'

I HAVE few antipathies, but there are some that I do battle with at sight or smell. Whether persons or things, I *appreciate* them at once; as some persons of keen perceptions will tell immediately when a cat is near them. You will hear people talk of what they call a 'presentiment of evil.' This is all humbug. If they would look about them, they would find, each one, his respective cat; or, to speak magnetically, his 'opposite pole.'

Corporal F—— was my antipathy, my 'opposite pole,' my cat; and for that matter, a *Tom-cat*, and a very saucy one. We had never spoken, and knew nothing of each other; our eyes had never met, but we had stolen glances, each way, giving strong confirmation of what the mere presence of each sufficiently indicated; to wit, a decided hostility. I had felt uncomfortable some mornings before, and knew perfectly well that I had a cat to find; but I did *not* know, till afterward, that Corporal F—— had reached town that very day. It was a common fancy with me, subsequently, that I knew what part of the town he was in at any given time; and this may have been fancy only, or it may have been a fact magnectical.

Our first meeting was in ——, East Florida. I had been in that warm-bath of a climate just long enough to get well soaked through, and was beginning to act out that dreamy languor of body and soul that fits one so exactly for the cigar-life — the lounging, easy nonchalance of that sunny land; in short, without that excess of high spirits which is an irritation, I was superlatively happy — till I met Corporal F——. He was to me immediately a large spot on the sun; and although I could n't always *see* the spot, I knew it was there, and keeping off so much sunshine. His arrival, as I viewed it, was impertinent, and not at all in aid of the object I had in coming a thousand miles to that delicious climate. With a generous ingenuity, I thought at first of proposing to him to draw cuts, to decide which of us should leave town. He had not the look of being cared for, and I could not imagine his absence would be missed at all, except by me; while as to myself, to say nothing of the party I was with, I rather thought that the girls who had taken so much pains to teach me their waltzes and Spanish dances —— But that's no matter. The risk to me would be an unrighteous one, and the project was abandoned.

We were a party of half a dozen, who had left New-York as the severe winter of '35 and '36 was setting in, and reached —— by way of Picolata, making the last safe passage over that road. The

Indian war had just broken out, and the whole country was in arms. Shortly after our arrival, the north part of the town was picketed off at about half a mile from the outskirts, with a guard, here and there; and a cordon of military posts stretched along the western side, around to the sea. A large gun was then placed in the middle of H——'s bridge, pointing into the pine barrens; the usual night patrol of southern cities was doubled, and the place declared under 'martial law.' Every able-bodied man was expected to do service; and if that expectation failed to be met by any one, that 'individual' was assisted by a corporal and guard. I was an 'able-bodied man;' sound in every particular. The hot sun had already browned my face so that there were no delicate indices of ill health; and if I had been a shade darker, I might have been knocked off at the market for at least seven hundred dollars. I was full of '*tusymusy*,' and ready for any thing, but wished to be myself the master of the 'how and when' of any enterprise that I was to engage in.

I was anticipated. Happening to criticise the appearance of the different companies about town, in too public a manner, the sovereigns were offended, and it was resolved that I should be victimized. I was ordered to appear at the Fort, armed and equipped for immediate service, as one of a small guard of Minorcans and Spaniards, posted a mile and a half out of town; of which guard, Bravo was corporal, and —— captain; precisely as I should like to have put them in a shipping-bill for the East-Indies. Well, I declined the invitation. I was from the 'mountain-land,' and for some days, my blood had been going up with the thermometer, at the strange goings-on about town. There appeared to me a quite unnecessary preparation of powder for mere home consumption. Beside, what did I know about war, that they should select me, when the streets were full of Uncle Sam's men, and hardly room enough for them at the outskirts to spread their tents? I did *not* call at the Fort. I did n't even send my card, or my regret. Of course I was not surprised the next morning, at parade hours, to see Corporal Bravo and guard coming down the street with apparently hostile intentions. It might be accident that they approached so near the house; but people in that climate never move without an object; and I accordingly passed through a gate in the rear, merely to air myself in a different direction. Bravo enquired for me very particularly at the house, breathed a few moments his men, who were in a high excitement; made a rapid revolution, and marched back to the Fort, a mile distant, to report that I was not to be found. At afternoon parade, the same military movement was repeated, and I had again the same charming view of the H—— turkey-buzzards and small snipes on the beach, with fiddlers innumerable, and in the back-ground the pine woods of the wilderness.

After a few days, I was trapped by mere civility; a very *forcible* thing, by the way, as all women know very well, but there are men who never can learn it. A polite note came from the captain, asking me to call at his quarters; and I was very soon ushered into a room that was lined with muskets and swords and men to use them. The

captain received me pleasantly, complimenting me upon my 'esprit du corps' in being master of my own company, etc; but I saw the game at once; and bursting into a laugh at the savage looks of the guard, surrendered at once, merely asking the courtesies of a prisoner of war. I was immediately gratified — with three muskets, one for myself, the others to protect me on either wing, carried by friends who insisted on an arm each side; and so with a strong support in the rear by the rest of the guard, and Bravo in front, cutting the way with a drawn sword, we marched to the Fort. When we entered the walls, and came in sight of the commandant, I expected to be 'cut in sunder at the waist,' but was merely noticed with a careless severity, and told to look on, and be ready at the next parade. We then assumed the form of a rhomboid, in which I was at equal distances from the respective angles, and marched a mile and a half to the camp. After showing me 'the fortifications,' which consisted of a pine-board enclosure of about ten feet by twelve, I was taken into the hot sun to be drilled privately. This was a very short operation. I handled the musket with a kind of desperation, which very soon convinced the corporal that I had the 'real stuff' in me; especially in my last manœuvre, which consisted in cocking the piece suddenly, and lowering the muzzle to his breast; upon which, with military abruptness, he declared the drill over, and myself perfectly *au fait* at all military operations.

I was now instructed in other arts and mysteries of war; and was told, among other things, that an officer from town generally visited each camp during the night, and that then every man was to be belted and ready for inspection. When the sentry received, in answer to his challenge, '*Officer of the Night*,' his duty was to cry out, for timely notice at the camp: '*Corporal of the Guard — Grand Rounds — Officer of the Night*.' This, in Bravo's opinion, was the grandest of all military affairs that were executed without waste of powder. The officer of the night had not been round, for a week, but he was always to be expected. Bravo and myself were very soon on excellent terms. I rather liked him, in spite of the burlesque of his name; for as such men generally do, he had contrived to assume something so like his translation, that it passed very well for the real article. If he did not fulfill his full meaning, his efforts were at least well-meant, and he had a saucy good humor that was quite companionable. That night we had two sentries out, stationed some hundred yards each side of the camp; and somewhere about the 'small hours' I took my first 'stand at arms' on the northern pass, and challenging noises all night, without reply, acquitted myself very much to the corporal's satisfaction. A few days passed very pleasantly away, and I was enjoying my military life so much that I had entirely forgotten Corporal F——. It should be premised, that I knew nothing of his being a corporal, and cared as little. I had no objection to his being a perfect Nabob, if he would only keep out of my way. I now learned that he had command of the next post north of us, and only about half a mile distant.

One charming morning, after an 'off night,' when I was allowed

to stay in town, I sallied into the street, *en route* to the parade-ground, humming to myself in mocking-bird style, my belt snug and faultlessly white, and musket leaning with an off-duty obliquity that was not pardonable merely, but quite the thing, when I suddenly *felt* that Corporal F—— was in the street! He was not to be seen, but I knew perfectly well that he was standing in a shop-door, only a short distance ahead. The streets in that old town are very narrow, so that on meeting a cart, the safest way is to post yourself flatwise against the wall, and admire the prospect in the opposite direction till the cart is cleverly by. Of course the foot-paths, such as they are, are close to the wall, and give no room for steps to houses, where, as in most cases, they are built directly on the street. I was on the same side with Corporal F——. If in passing, the corporal should attempt the street, there would be a collision. These mathematical problems suggested that I could cross over, as it was only a long straddle, but I had no desire to do so. Almost unconsciously, however, my musket went to the perpendicular, my eyes fixed where I thought the north star ought to be, (magnetic coincidence!) and my marching-foot was coming down with extra emphasis, at a point just abreast of him, when I thought — it might be imagination — but I thought his foot moved out slightly from the threshold. Quick as the thought, which was lightning in my then state of the brain, I wheeled, brought my musket with a ring upon the lime-stone, and looked Corporal F—— dead in the face! He returned the look with less interest than I expected, but he didn't waver a hair, and our eyes fixed upon each other as steadily as though we had been playing at small-swords. There was barely breathing room between us; and at one time his lips moved as about to speak, but he said nothing. Of course, I had nothing to say, but if *he* had any explanation to make, I was then ready to hear it; and if not — I was going on in this manner to myself, when it occurred to me that he was unarmed, and I had a musket, with a tremendous bore, (especially a great bore of a hot day) and a ball then in it, that I would not have dared to have sent within three points of the most distant vessel in the offing. Without taking my eye from him, I resumed my up-street facing; the accenting foot forward, musket to shoulder, and immediately marched up street.

If Bravo had seen this evolution, and my march up the street, how smoothly he would have rolled out his Spanish braggadocia upon my military training! As I passed under balconies loaded down with gay girls, fingers may have been kissed at me; quite likely; I never knew, for I went 'right on' with set teeth to the Fort.

And now, would Corporal F—— challenge? I certainly had given him a chance, and I was in a perfect fever to bring matters to a crisis. I am not a fighting man. I never eat veal, or any thing that's killed young; preferring to wait till I am convinced that from wet days and cold winters the beast must have become indifferent to a knock on the head: but who could refuse his antipathy? Who could live in the same air with his tom-cat?

The day passed — and I was not challenged.

That night, as we lay about the camp-fire, I was possessed of a sudden inspiration, and immediately gave a loud shout. Bravo looked up enquiringly, and Boag, who was privy to my antipathy, sprang to his feet, ready for any emergency. Boag knew that something was in the wind. I paid no attention to either of them, but called up Tom, my errand-boy, and gave him the requisites, with a pass, for a gallon of Santa Cruz, sugar, etc; and all the eggs he could find in town, and then despatched a few men with a boat, for a load of oysters.

Boag was the only other American in our camp. He happened in Florida, in what manner I don't know, from Charleston, South-Carolina, and fell an easy victim, having been captured before I had that pleasure. He was the happiest man I ever knew; happy in every thing he undertook, and careful not to undertake too much. His sagacity upon that point alone would have made a character of any ordinary man. The mere motion of the man seemed to be a high enjoyment, and his bowling at nine-pins was the very perfection of carelessness. He was never guilty of a 'spare,' and would have shuddered at the nicety and precision of hitting any particular pin. But Boag's highest happiness, literally and technically, was in his composition of egg-nogg. Egg-nogg from Boag was irresistible; a smooth, and chaste production: the white of a pullet's egg, deliciously flavored, was all you could think of, until — some time after taking it.

About nine o'clock, the roast and 'nogg were ready; and then, as we grouped about the fire you should have looked in upon us, to have seen happy faces. The Spaniards in a perfect sputter of talk and gesticulation as though every oyster burnt to the stomach; Boag presiding every where with his stick; and myself, the Mephistophiles of the occasion, lying on a board, the windward side of the group, taking just enough of the 'nogg to digest each particular oyster, and no more. Toward midnight, they had worried themselves sleepy, and crept off to their berths, Bravo bringing up the rear, and laying himself out in a very grand manner, his legs and arms indicating all points of the compass, to signify, I suppose, that he ruled in all directions. After waiting a suitable time for the sentries to become careless, I beckoned to Boag, whose intuition was as perfect as a woman's, and he followed me stealthily into the long salt grass bordering the beach. The sentries were ordered to fire immediately upon any one who refused to answer their challenge; and knowing that the sentry we had to pass was only half-drunk, I had a painful apprehension that the egg-nogg was after all a questionable forethought. We had gained but a short distance, when the quick challenge sent us headlong in the grass. The sentry could n't leave his post, and probably concluded that some wild fowl had risen between him and the sky, and settled down again. Emerging again, at about the same distance on the other side of the sentry, we were again challenged, and made our salaam, as before, in the same unhesitating manner. Presently the challenge was repeated, and we thought we heard the click of his musket. The night was painfully

still, and it might be the sharp cry of a disturbed snipe, or the snapping of a brand at the camp-fire. We were breathless 'for a space,' and the musketoos seemed to know perfectly well that we durst not raise a finger to brush them off. Then creeping along till we were sure of being within the shade of the forest, we came to the perpendicular again, and walked on rapidly to the camp of Corporal F—. I hinted to Boag to keep calm, and ready for any thing that might turn up; at which he looked amazed, but said nothing; no doubt wondering that I had not yet learned to appreciate him. At this moment, we received an abrupt challenge from the advanced guard of Corporal F—. I shouted back, with all the strength of egg-nogg, the magic words, '*Officer of the Night!*' And oh! what a relief to that sentry, as he made the pine woods ring with '*Corporal of the Guard — Grand Rounds — Officer of the Night!*'

Turkey-buzzards flew about on the tree-tops, and the whole family of wild fowl, coughed and wheezed out their disturbance upon the still night. Then arose the hum of the camp. A dozen sleepy Spaniards sprang from their berths, swearing vociferously; lights waved, swords clattered to the hip, and down came Corporal F—, with his men superbly belted, their heads leaning back to the north star, and muskets flashing in the torch-light of three negroes coming on before.

At a short distance from us, Corporal F— gave a tremendous '*Halt!*' upon which, I made two steps forward, and waving off the little niggers to the right and left, stood in bold relief — the Officer of the Night.

'Well, of course Corporal F— drew his sword, and 'cut you in sunder at the waist?'

Not at all; but if that column of men, together with Corporal F—, had immediately fallen over backward, I could not have been better satisfied of their astonishment. The short silence was so terrible to Boag, that feeling he must say something, he suggested a want of candles, in a feeble way; and then, with a hurried '*Right about face — march!*' the Corporal and guard vanished in the darkness.

Reader, I am sorry to hoax you, but there was no catastrophe. An antipathy looked dead in the face is always *pointless*. I was not challenged by Corporal F—; and as corporal, I never saw him after that night. I never knew his name; and it is quite probable that five years afterward I passed my wine to him in that same old antiquated town. There was a face at our hotel that reminded me very much of Corporal F—; but with five years, my antipathy had gone, and my tom-cat was a very clever companion.

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EPIGRAM OF PLATO TO A DECEASED FRIEND.

As once thou shon'st, a morning star,  
 With life's young glory round thy head,  
 So now thou deck'st the western sky,  
 Soft gleaming from among the dead.

W. H. H.



## A U T U M N .

ON woodland and on mountain side  
 Rich, varied tints appear ;  
 By mossy stone and wandering wave  
 Pale leaves are falling sere ;  
 The garden flowers all scattered lie,  
 In sorrowful decay,  
 And the greenness of the valley slope  
 Is fading fast away !

And are the verdure and the bloom  
 In their fresh prime so dear,  
 That thus the spirit mourneth o'er  
 The ruin of the year ?  
 No ! 'tis because true types are they  
 Of lovelier, dearer things ;  
 Hopes, joys, and transports, unto which  
 The soul so fondly clings.

There is a moral in each leaf  
 That droppeth from the tree ;  
 In each lone, barren bough that points  
 To heaven so mournfully :  
 Mute Nature, in her silent way,  
 A mystic lesson tells,  
 And they who watch the Sybil well  
 May profit by her spells.

*Richmond, Virginia.*

Bon-Rosmi.

## FIORELLO'S FIDDLE-STICK.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Among the men of rank in London, who were distinguished during the last century for their love of music, the Baron Baygo held a prominent place. This worthy man found music in every thing. Did a door creak upon its hinges, did a chair make a shrill sound in gliding over the floor, presto ! in an instant our melomaniac seizes his tablets and marks down the corresponding musical inflections. There was not, in short, an itinerant merchant of the streets of London whose favorite cry had not been reproduced in the collection of Baron Baygo. To speak truth, however, it must be confessed that the musical education of our Baron had not been of the most thorough character, being rather superficial than solid. He was consequently obliged to have recourse to an amanuensis to note down for him, in a proper and artist-like manner, all the noises, good, bad, or indifferent, which figured in his musical *agenda*.

To procure a person of sufficient tact and patience to understand and humor all the Baron's whims, it may readily be imagined was no easy task. Having changed a score of times his musical secre-

taries, he succeeded however at length in attaching to him the celebrated Fiorello, an Italian violinist of rare talent, and as simple and candid in character as the majority of his countrymen are crafty and astute.

Still the Baron, in spite of the three hours which he devoted every day to the practice of the violin, could never attain the faculty of playing with correctness; and his harmonicidal hand was continually entangled in difficulties, and made sad havoc with the doleful-sounding flats.

Fiorello was almost in despair. At length, the Baron, one day throwing his violin on the floor, cried out in a rage: 'Yes! I have already restrained myself too long; but patience! I am determined that these cursed flats shall bother me no longer!'

'What is it you mean, my Lord?' said Fiorello, in astonishment.

'Why I mean to say,' replied the Baron, 'that this very night I will make a motion in the House of Lords, to oblige musical composers from henceforth to leave out all those infernal flats from their music, under a heavy penalty.'

'Ah ha!' said Fiorello, bursting into laughter; 'the proposal will be a pleasant one.'

'It will at least have a good moral effect, Sir,' replied the Baron, with dignity. 'Have we not a statute against profane swearing?'

'Certainly, my lord.'

'Well then, were it not for these vile flats, I should not have broken it, for my own part, more than a thousand times, since I commenced the practice of the violin.'

It never appeared, however, that the Baron carried his threat into execution.

One day, when the Baron, after three years of close application, had come to handle the bow passably well, and could execute with tolerable correctness a solo of Jarnovich, leaving out the flats, he declared to Fiorello that he had made up his mind to give his friends a taste of the first fruits of his newly-acquired talent; and he accordingly directed him to make arrangements for a concert for the ensuing Saturday.

By order of the Baron, notes of invitation were sent out to princes of the royal family, to the grand dignitaries of the united kingdoms, to the speakers of the two houses of parliament, and to the lord-mayor of London. So well known in high life were the foibles and eccentricities of the Baron, that each one took a malicious pleasure in accepting the invitation.

The day appointed for the concert at length arrived. Fiorello was very thoughtful; and at breakfast, spite of the repeated invitations of the Baron's niece, a sprightly girl of sixteen, with whom he sat at table, scarcely swallowed a mouthful.

'What ails you, my good master?' said Miss Betsey to him.

'Alas! Miss,' replied the poor musician, 'I fear that his lordship will compromise this evening my twenty years of honorable professorship.'

'What! is that all, Signor Fiorello? Is not your reputation already

sufficiently established? Take my advice; place yourself on the side of the laughers; and believe me, they will be the most numerous party this evening.'

Fiorello, in spite of the encouragement of Miss Betsey, repaired to the rehearsal of the concert with much fear and anxiety. When the time for its commencement arrived, the Baron, carrying his head very erect, mounted the stage prepared for the solo players, and without waiting to see if the others were ready, went to work in a most pitiless manner upon the piece he had selected for his *début*.

It was a frightful *charivari*! But the musicians were paid to find out great talent in their patron, and the applause he received, although given with a degree of *empressement* which might seem a little ironical, made him the happiest of mortals. So far, all went on well; but when, in the evening, the Baron saw among the invited guests the brother of the king, an excellent violinist, and his cousin, the Duchess of Cambridge, who had the reputation of being one of the first musicians of the day, he was seized with an insurmountable panic, and ran to find Fiorello. But the professor had departed about noon, and his servant could not tell what had become of him.

'Come on then!' said the Baron; 'the die is cast! I must play, cost what it will! I will at least, however, make use of the fiddle-stick of my master, who, without the least regard for my reputation, has abandoned me at this critical moment, in such a shameful manner.'

The concert commenced with a magnificent chorus of Handel, which brought forth immense applause. Then La Mengotti warbled in a divine manner an air of Pæsiello, and was conducted back to her seat in triumph. The order of the programme now designated the solo of the Baron. Trembling from head to foot, he took his place, and bowed profoundly to the august assemblage; while the orchestra attacked the overture, which usually precedes those morceaux which are designed to give eclat to a virtuoso. To the astonishment of all present, the Baron executed the opening part of the concerto with a vigor and precision that was marvellous. The audience, who had come with the intent of laughing at their entertainer, were lost in perfect amazement. But still greater was their astonishment, when the Baron executed, with consummate taste and skill, a delicious vitanello, which was set in the midst of the greatest difficulties of his piece, like an odor-breathing violet in the midst of a bunch of thorns. All arose with one accord; handkerchiefs waved in the air; and the name of the Amphytrion of the entertainment was mingled with the most hearty *vivats*. The poor Baron experienced a sensation that he had never before known; his limbs trembled beneath him, and his forehead was covered with huge drops of perspiration.

The next day, the valet-de-chambre of Baron Baygo, while arranging the instruments which had been used at the concert, observed that the hair of a valuable bow was covered with a thick coating of candle-grease. Astonished at this phenomenon, he carried it to his master, who, equally puzzled, sent for Fiorello, and holding up the

bow, said : 'Here, my dear master, is your fiddle-stick ; it was of great service to me last evening, I assure you ; for without it I should not to-day have carried my election as Speaker of the House. Leave it with me as a token of remembrance, and accept this as a mark of my esteem.' Thus saying, he slipped into the hand of Fiorello a draft on his banker for a hundred pounds. 'But explain to me,' added the Baron, 'how comes the hair of the bow in such a condition ?'

Fiorello hung down his head, without replying. 'Oh, uncle !' cried Miss Betsey, 'I will tell you all about it. Last night, during the concert, Signor Fiorello was hid behind the screen ; and it was he who made all the beautiful music, while you were scraping the fiddle so hard, with a fiddle-stick that made no noise !'

For a few moments, the Baron stood confounded. 'Marvellous effect of self-love !' at length he exclaimed, for with all his foibles he was at bottom a man of sense ; 'so excited was I last evening, that I really thought it was myself who executed those beautiful pieces ! But come, I must not quarrel with you, my dear Fiorello ; and I beg leave to double the amount of this draft, for the sake of the stratagem, which has saved my reputation as a virtuoso. But I see plainly that I must stop here, and play no more upon the violin, lest this affair should get wind.

The Baron kept his word ; he gave up for ever his favorite instrument ; but in order to make himself amends, he diligently collected, from time to time, all the different inflections of voice of the members of the upper house ; and a curious medley it was !

#### SUNSET: THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

AIR: 'THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.'

Oh ! how glorious the vision, when the Sun sinks to rest,  
Mid the bright fields Elysian, on Evening's soft breast ;  
While brilliant and glowing with purple and gold,  
The clouds round him flowing, their splendors unfold !

How calmly, serenely, his beams die away,  
As he lingers so sweetly on the confines of day !  
Then leaving behind him the shadows of night,  
He claims for his treasure a day ever bright.

'Tis thus with the pilgrim, when life sinks apace ;  
Bright angels attend him at the end of the race :  
And hov'ring around him in glorious array,  
They rejoice in his future — an infinite day !

Oh ! how joyful he lingers, while DEATH doth release,  
With his cold icy fingers his soul, filled with peace !  
Then leaving earth's regions of sorrow and pain,  
He joins the blest legions, with JESUS to reign.

T. W. B.

## SONG OF THE WESTERN STEAMBOAT-MEN.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.\*

## I.

YE mariners who sail the seas,  
 I'm told you've made the boast,  
 Of all who go upon the waves  
 You hold yourselves the toast;  
 But list to me, ye mariners,  
 As bounding on ye go,  
 A-cracking up your merry ship,  
 And your wild yo! heave ho!

## II.

I'll not deny, ye mariners,  
 It is a joyous thing  
 To see ye dashing on your way,  
 Like bird upon the wing;  
 Ye wave a farewell hand to home,  
 And then away ye sweep,  
 To where the blue sky rests upon  
 The bosom of the deep.

## III.

But mariners — but mariners,  
 When loud the storm doth blow,  
 Ye have a toilsome time, my boys,  
 With your wild yo! heave ho!  
 And when at last the calm comes on,  
 And ye swing upon the sea,  
 Sad, sad are then your thoughts of home,  
 And sadder they will be.

## IV.

Oh! how ye at the sweepers tug,  
 And how ye have to tow;  
 And faint and weary comes the cry  
 Then of your yo! heave ho!  
 Ye say ye hate to hear our noise,  
 Our puffing and our buzz;  
 But do u't forget, ye mariners,  
 That 'pretty is that does!'

## V.

Blow high or low, ye mariners,  
 'T is all the same to us;  
 The storm may blow its last breath out,  
 What care we for the fuss?

\* This spirited Song is from 'The Adventures of a Poet, a Tale told in Rhyme,' by F. W. THOMAS, Esq., author of 'Clinton Bradshaw,' etc. We have been permitted to peruse the poem in manuscript; and are so impressed with the life and variety of incident which pervade it, and the ease and grace of its execution, that we cannot omit the expression of a hope that it may soon be given in a printed form to the public. The self-complacent tone of the stalwart boatmen of the West, will remind the reader of *Diablin's* sailor who 'pitied the poor devils ashore' in a hurricane whose music was so welcome to him on the deep.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

And I've not told of shipwrecks, boys,  
Upon the stormy main;  
The long-boat swamped, and the wild crew  
Who 'll ne'er see land again.

## VI.

To be rowed up a great salt sea,  
Beats rowing up Salt River;  
And where we'd strike a snag and land,  
Why, you'd be gone forever!  
We go ahead so steadily,  
And never give a lurch,  
Ye'd take us for a hide-bound chap  
A-hurrying to church.

## VII.

But though we puff as stately, boys,  
As any Dutchman smokes,  
We eat the best, and drink the best,  
And crack the best of jokes.  
Why mariners, ye 're months away,  
On hard junk-beef ye feed,  
While we have turkey, toast and tea,  
And every thing we need!

## VIII.

In every port ye boast there's one  
To spend the cash ye give her;  
Why, we have sweet-hearts, mariners,  
On both sides of the river!  
We ask not for the starry lights  
To cheer us on our way;  
We 've eyes that flash from every wood  
The clearest kind of ray!

## IX.

There 's SAL, she peeps from Cypress-Swamp,  
And Bet from Buckeye-Beach;  
And we 've a passing word for both,  
And a sly kiss for each.  
I'm told you say, 'cause boilers burst,  
Uncertain is our breath;  
To die by bursted boilers, boys,  
Is just our nat'ral death!

## X.

And don't *ye* die in calm and storm,  
And do n't ye die in slaughter?  
And do n't they wrap you in a sheet,  
And chuck you in the water?  
You 're food for fishes, mariners!  
Ha! ha! your faces fall!  
Well, here 's a health, my boys, to each,  
And a long life to all.

## XI.

Broad, broad lands are between us, boys,  
But our rivers seek the sea,  
And by them, in our merriment,  
We send good luck to ye:  
Good luck to ye, brave mariners!  
And mind, my boys, whenever  
Ye weary of your ocean life,  
Ye 're welcome on the river!



## THE 'EMPIRE STATE' OF NEW-YORK.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

THE above is but a significant title. New-York justly merits the appellation of the 'Empire State.' Considered only as one of many independent commonwealths linked together in a peaceful union, what an idea must her grandeur convey of the American confederacy; of the strength of the chain which binds together such unwieldy masses, and renders the compact firm and enduring! It is a harmony which, if it continues, will be more wonderful than any save that of the spheres.

We enter into few statistics; we merely state the impressions of an inhabitant of the Old World at taking a general survey of this portion of the New; a glance at those great features which strike the mind of the most casual observer. New-York possesses in herself whatever would be necessary to constitute a great Empire, if distinct and separate; cities, towns, villages, rivers, lakes, mountains, soil, productions, and the most celebrated wonders in the world of nature and art. In extent equal to Great-Britain, she is magnificent in population, dominion, in developed and undeveloped resources. Within her limits Nature has exhausted every element of the beautiful or the sublime. The ocean thunders on her East, and the Great Cataract upon her West. Erie and Ontario are two great seas upon her borders, where the mariner may lose sight of land; whose billows are equal to those of the ocean, in storms which wreck the shipping destined for her provincial ports. The mighty river St. Lawrence, with its thousand islands, separates her from the British possessions on the North. On the North-east stretches Lake Champlain, one hundred and twenty miles, with all its variety of scene, from the low and swampy shore, to the boundary of steep mountains close to the water's edge, or the cliffs where a hollow, murmuring noise is heard when the breeze blows, from the waters splashing in the crannies of the rocks. There are islands encompassed with rocks, shores ornamented with hanging woods, and mountains rising behind each other, range after range, with a magnificence which cannot be described; but richer than all is she, when she receives the waters of Horicon, the loveliest of lakes! It embosoms two hundred islands, and is shadowed on either side by high mountains, while its waves are of such delicious purity as to reveal the slightest object which sparkles upon its bottom at any depth.

New-York has within it the sublime mountain-scenery of the Kaatskills, where the eagle wheels over their hoary summits, and the winds receive an edge which sometimes kills the flowers of May in the valley. It has primeval forests where the axe has not sounded,

and a few red men yet linger amid their gloom; and it has plains which stretch themselves for miles, like the prairies of the far West. It has solitudes where the foot of man has scarcely trod; and yet for three hundred miles, from the Hudson to the great lakes, it has city after city, town after town, village after village, in one unbroken chain, rising like magic on the borders of lakes or in the heart of vallies, where a few years since reigned the silence of nature; a proud attestation of the superiority of the Saxon race. Situated in a most favored zone, with skies hanging over it for the greatest portion of the year unclouded as those of Italy, it enjoys the four seasons, with their accompanying blessings, in equal distribution; the spring with its gradual advances; the luxury of summer; the autumn with its prodigal abundance; and that which enhances all these, and is likewise full of sublimity, the snows of winter. Whoever has sailed upon its rivers, or clambered its mountain-sides, or descended into its vallies, or gazed upon its cataracts, but most of all, has become acquainted with its works of art, must acknowledge that this is preëminently the EMPIRE STATE.

But the Bay of New-York, rivalling the noblest in the world for its depth, expansiveness, and beauty of its rising shores, is another feature which deserves to be mentioned; and then we come to a city, destined also to stand in the first class. Accustomed as I had been to entertain an unpardonable prejudice and ignorance concerning the New World, and almost to confound the name of American with the red aborigines, it was with unfeigned surprise that I found myself in such a city, stunned with the hum of her incessant bustle and commerce, in the midst of somewhat fresh but stately buildings, and mingling with the crowds in a thoroughfare, considering its extent, one of the most magnificent in the world. Enthusiasm banished every prejudice. I beheld on all sides the aspect of a luxurious metropolis; well-furnished shops, churches, public buildings, and private dwellings, which would have graced any city of Christendom. Fountains in various parts were throwing up their waters to a great height, and with profuse liberality. A river flowed through the streets, brought from a distance of forty-five miles by an aqueduct, in design and execution one of the most bold, stupendous works of any age or country; yet some of my countrymen, who profess to write books, have not even alluded to it.

Surrounded by so many wonders, I looked for something to remind me of the past; to convince me that all this was not the work of magic, or of a few years. I could not persuade myself that the Indian ever rambled through the forests which covered the site of this city, and that the canoe shot silently over the waters where I beheld such a forest of masts. Just then, attracted by the sound of music, and the eager looks of a crowd, I observed twelve Indians, (among them were some handsome women) standing on a balcony which fronted the main street of the city, wrapped in blankets, with painted faces, and ornamented with a variety of gew-gaws. They were Sioux, who had come on under the care of an agent, and were exhibited as a show. The crowd gazed for a few moments, and

passed on with indifference; but it was a spectacle calculated to plunge one into the most serious reverie. Here were the descendants of the original possessors of the soil; the same class of men whom Columbus described when he kissed the soil of which he took possession; children of the same frailties, ornamented in the same manner, the worshippers of the same spirit! Here was the bustling Present; they were the representatives of the Past; the poor children whose fathers once possessed this whole continent, now gazed at, as if they were cannibals from the South Seas! As they stood erect on the balcony, unconscious of the ardent gaze of the crowd, dignified, silent, and unmoved, they seemed to me like antique pictures hung upon a wall, in a garb and costume long since obsolete. They carried with them their arrows and their tomahawks, but these had long ago become powerless against the arts of civilized man. They looked down upon the Saxons, and saw the race which had destroyed their's. Around them the marble and the granite were piled in stately buildings; the columns of Christian temples rose before them, and the interminable streets of a great city. I gazed again at the poor children of the forest, then at the accumulating crowd, and all the evidence of power which I saw around; and the juxtaposition appeared to illustrate most forcibly the forces and resource of two races of men. The twelve Sioux on the balcony, with their blankets, hatchets, and store of arrow-heads, were to the physical strength and arts of the surrounding people what the whole race of the red men is now to the race of the whites.

The greatness of the city of New-York, which is the metropolis of the whole country, belies its provincial name, and its prosperity attests its unrivalled position near the sea. According to the present ratio of its increase, in less than twenty years it will number over half a million of inhabitants, and in less than a century will attain the rank which London now holds. The Old World pours in its wealth perpetually, and it is the great centre and mart of commerce for the New. Thither all the streams of commerce converge and meet. The cold regions of the North, the cotton-growing South, the great valley of the Mississippi, and beyond the Rocky mountains to Astoria, the wild regions of the utmost West contribute to its wealth. But passing by the feature of a great city, what a river has New-York! I refer not to any of those which lie upon her borders, and are shared by other states or nations, but to the HUDSON, which is all her own. 'I thank God,' wrote the elegant IRVING, soon after his return to his native State, from a long residence abroad, 'I thank God that I was born on the banks of the Hudson! I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound, to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious, smiling surface, covering the dangerous sand-bar or perfidious rock; but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in

its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow; ever straight-forward. Once indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straight-forward march. 'Behold,' thought I, 'an emblem of a good man's course through life; ever simple, open, and direct; or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary; he soon recovers his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage.' The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love; and after all my wanderings, and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heart-felt preference over all the other rivers in the world. I seem to catch new life, as I bathe in its ample billows, and inhale the pure breezes of its hills. It is true, the romance of youth is past, that once spread illusions over every scene. I can no longer picture an Arcadia in every green valley; nor a fairy land among the distant mountains; nor a peerless beauty in every villa gleaming among the trees; but though the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine.\*

We can add little to a picture like this, save the reiteration, that the Hudson *is* one of the noblest rivers in volume, and that its scenery is the grandest, of any river in the world. The Rhine, through a part of its course, is dreary and uninteresting. The Mississippi is incredible in its length: it rises amid the wintry snows, and passes into the insupportable heats of summer, bearing to another great city of the American union, fifteen hundred miles from New-York, the immense wealth of its valley. It is the Father of Waters. But its stream is always turbid; its shores flat and gloomy; its aspect melancholy, yet suggestive of deep thought. But the Hudson rolls brilliantly from where its thin streams rise in the mountains, until it swells into a magnificent river, and bursts into that noble bay. Here are no castles upon the beetling crags, associated with olden story; or hoary ruins, every stone of which could tell a tale. Here are no ivied turrets, or moss-grown walls, or battlements crowning the rock; yet it lacks not, though it needs not, the charms of history and associations of the past: it needs not the embellishments of romance or pen of the poet; it is grand enough to fill the mind with contemplations of itself. Follow its course in one of those princely boats, miracles of architecture! three hundred feet in length, which rush daily over its surface, swift as the lightning, yet more gracefully than swans — the 'KNICKERBOCKER'! Now it is wide enough for whole navies to ride at anchor; and the distant shores look dim, which afterward approach each other, and present the aspect of gay meadows and cultivated fields. Now it rushes around mountainous promontories, or cuts its passage through immense piles of perpendicular rocks, which stand yawning on either side as if a giant had torn them asunder to let the river pass through. Ossa is piled

\* OUR readers will not have forgotten the initial '*Crayon Paper*' from which our correspondent derives this exquisite passage. It may be found in the number of this Magazine for March, 1839

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

upon Pelion, Pelion upon Ossa ; and from the grandeur or beauty of the neighboring scene, the eye is directed by turns upon the waving outline of distant mountains. They are like the ocean-color, 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.' Sometimes the river becomes an expansive bay ; then a lovely lake shut in with hills ; then a fair and even-flowing stream. Memory can scarcely do justice to that splendid variety of highland and lowland, precipice and verdant field, towns and villages ; and the swift boat makes all this one moving panorama.

Nor does the river abate in interest if you follow it two hundred and fifty miles, where its origin is found in the little brooks and delicious streamlets where the trout harbors, or among the thickets where the frightened deer hastens to plunge into the lake. There is a region in the northern part of the State, wild and uninhabited, containing two hundred little lakes. There are to be found scenes of indescribable beauty, to which only the pencil of the painter could do justice ; and yet there are few to tell him where to transport his easel. Its pathless wilderness precludes also the huntsman ; and deer and an abundance of wild game are secure in the fastnesses which have never been invaded by man. Yet is all this little, compared with the dominions of the Empire State. The traveller who directs his course westward from the Hudson to the great lakes, will pause at every step to wonder at her variety of productions, her endless resources, the magical growth of towns which have some scores of thousands of inhabitants, and yet twenty years ago contained only a few log-cabins of the hunters ! The whole space is a series of long, swelling undulations ; uplands which slope away for miles insensibly into rich-bottomed vallies, each one possessing its broad, deep lake ; and every one of these lakes is a perfect gem. Otsego, Oneida, Skeneateles, Owasco, Cayuga, Seneca, and a score of others are passed in succession ; and on the shores of each the lover of the picturesque might spend weeks with profit and delight. With such a prodigality of waters, and especially in the vicinity of the great lakes, the thunder-storms engendered by the summer heats are of terrific grandeur. One would think that the dissolution of nature was at hand. Some one has justly remarked that all things here are on a large scale.

But the memories of the traveller are destined to be effaced, when he hears for the first time the thunders of the Great Cataract, and his eyes are turned to behold the cloud of spray which rises like perpetual incense above its brink. From the sea-shore to Niagara is now scarcely two days of easy travel. Not many years since, to go thither, one was compelled to plod his way through a tangled wilderness, trusting to uncertain pathways, in momentary fear of wild beasts or wilder savages ; and when he arrived at the place, nothing but the rapture of the vision could enable him to forget the perils of the journey, and the prospect of the return. One was forced to pass by other sublimities of nature, which are now unseen because they have disappeared ; the gloom of forests and gigantic trees, and the tumult of other cascades and waterfalls which are

avoided by a more direct route. The transition is most remarkable from the heart of a great city, hundreds of miles distant, to the brink of this stupendous precipice. The forests which used to intervene, are reduced to separate clumps or groups of trees, which whirl round on the verge of the horizon, and disappear, making the head giddy; and one occasionally beholds the trunk or mummy of a gigantic oak prostrate on the ground, preserving its ancient form and semblance, but ashes to the core. This is where the pioneer has been; and these are but the shadows of difficulties which once impeded the traveller at every step.

Oh! the Rapids! the Rapids! It would atone for months of peril, to know the exultation which arises from looking on that congregation of billows! There they come, from the whole chain of lakes and great inland seas, an incalculable host, plunging down a long sloping hill-side, which is the bed of the wide Niagara river near the chasm; storming the foundations of fast-anchored islands, and shattered by the obstructions which they hurry with them, the fragments of the convulsion which burst open the abyss where they leap! They seemed to me infinitely more grand than the sea when it rolls its huge breakers to the shore after a storm. Look onward, and the prospect is alike infinite. The sky and the white crests of waves form the boundary of vision, and seem as if they poured out of the sky, so great is the descent; the waters gorging the wide stream, and impeded at every step by rocks, and concealed caverns, whirl, writhe, and *agonize*, with a violence of agitation of which it is in vain to endeavor to convey an idea. It is the highest example of wrath and strength in the elements, exerted without any cessation or rest. The sea is upheaved mightily, but it is *sometimes* calm, and reflects the clear sky. The volcano intermits its fiery grandeur. The conflagration dies in ashes, where its little spark was first kindled. The freshet, which is irresistible in its might, subsides in violence, and permits the flowers to grow up again on the fertile banks, and be imaged in the tranquil stream. The wildest hurricane which bears upward the oak, abates into the musical winds. But here the fury is unceasing; there is only an awful, unnatural calm upon the brink of the precipice. And it is difficult to believe that there is any thing yet behind the curtain, and that all this display of waters, grand as it is, cannot convey the faintest idea of that which remains, and is but the ushering in of a more glorious spectacle.

Think of the gentle river in the valley, with just current enough to preserve its purity, and so visited by the winds that it would not ruffle the swan's breast which reposes upon it so gracefully! Then turn hither for contrast, and look in vain on this mad flood for a single image of peace! Standing on the bridge which spans the American cataract, and stretches to the islet which conducts you to Goat Island, you look down and shudder. Nothing which breathes could be tortured in that flood a moment, and live. Come then and look into the abyss, and see the waters take the last plunge! And here description ceases, for the simple reason that it would be all in vain. With a grand sweeping arch, they roll forward over the ledge, are



calm and silent upon the brink, then dashed into atoms on the rocks far below. The white smoke gushes up as from a hot furnace to the sky! Oh what a cataract, and rocks, and river, whirlpools, and awful chasms, solitude and yet communion with spirits, silence and yet 'mighty thunderings!' I thought I had died, and was breathing an immortal life in a new planet, where every surrounding object was more vast and incomprehensible. I listened to a voice which combines all sounds, yet chords with none in nature which it resembles; not with the bass of ocean, not with the winter winds. It is something which connects you palpably with the Past; a carrying of the thoughts and imaginations far backward: like listening to the blast of a trumpet prolonged by an angel from the beginning of time. A storm burst tumultuously above the cataract. The long reverberations of thunder would have terrified in another place; but here they added nothing to the sublime. At last the sunshine, after a little interval, broke out of the clouds, and rain-bows crowned the glory of the scene, whose rich tints were perpetuated when the moon arose. For here on the very spot, in the midst of the violent element, where one might almost doubt the word of DEITY that he would not again overwhelm the earth with water, among the manifestations of His presence, sublimer than any but those on Sinai, he has dissipated every doubt, and hung over the whole magnificent scene his perpetual bow of promise.

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GREEN SPOTS IN THE CITY.

YE fill my heart with gladness, verdant places,  
 That 'mid the city greet me as I pass;  
 Methinks I see of angel steps the traces,  
 Where'er upon my pathway grows the grass.  
 I pause before your gates at early morning,  
 When lies the sward with glittering sheen o'erspread;  
 And think the dew-drops there each blade adorning,  
 Are angels' tears for mortal frailty shed.

And ye, earth's firstlings! here in beauty springing,  
 Erst in your cells by careful winter nursed,  
 And to the morning heaven your incense flinging,  
 As at His smile ye forth in joy had burst;  
 How do ye cheer with hope the lonely hour,  
 When on my way I tread despondingly;  
 With thought that HE who careth for the flower  
 Will, in His mercy, still remember me.

Breath of our nostrils, THOU! whose love embraces,  
 Whose light shall never from our souls depart;  
 Beneath thy touch hath sprung a green oasis  
 Amid the arid desert of my heart.  
 Thy sun and rain awake the bud of promise,  
 And with fresh leaves in spring-time deck the tree;  
 That where man's hand hath shut out nature from us,  
 We by these glimpses may remember THEE.

New-York, June, 1843.

MARY E. HEWITT.

## A D R E A M   O F   C H I L D H O O D .

I DREAMED that childhood had returned ;  
And oh ! 't was sweet to roam  
Through flowery meads, and birchen groves,  
That skirt my lowland home.  
Again I chased the butterfly,  
And plucked the heather-bell,  
And wove a flowery coronal  
For one who loved me well.  
Again, with bounding step, I ran,  
And placed it on his brow ;  
Again I to the heart was pressed  
That's cold and silent now.  
I saw with joy the mild eye beam  
That never looked unkind ;  
But with a parent's fondness still  
To all my faults was blind.

My dream then changed ; yet still I was  
That parent's hope and pride ;  
Though stern realities of life  
Forced childhood's joys aside.  
I lived, in memory, o'er again,  
With bitter tears and sighs,  
The hour when, far from home and friends,  
I closed his dying eyes.  
E'en in that hour of dread and death,  
How placidly he smiled ;  
And left a lasting legacy,  
His blessing, for his child !

With agonizing start, I woke,  
To feel life's every ill ;  
Yet, 'mid misfortune's withering blast,  
I hear that blessing still :  
And echo seems, where'er I rove,  
In gilded hall or bower,  
To greet me with the voice of love  
I heard in that lone hour ;  
A gleam of bliss amid the gloom  
Of sorrow's solitude ;  
A talisman to draw my thoughts  
Where vice dares not intrude.  
It oft has checked my wild career  
When borne on passion's wing ;  
For oh ! a parent's blessing is  
A sweet, a holy thing !

In fancy, oft I follow on  
That faint, sweet voice of love,  
Till, leaving earth and earthly cares,  
I soar to realms above ;  
And scenes of dazzling brightness rush  
On my bewildered sight :  
My spirit feels the Godhead there,  
In majesty and might.  
And sounds seraphic greet mine ear,  
And heavenly anthems swell :  
There, 'mid the choir, his voice I hear  
Who loved me long and well ;  
And, as the song of praise is raised,  
In cadence sweet and mild,  
Again the passing spirit says :  
' ALMIGHTY ! bless my child !'

I. G.

## ANECDOTE OF A BOTTLE OF WINE.

TRINGULO. Oh Stephano ! hast any more of this ?

STEPHANO. The whole butt, man !

CALIBAN. Hast thou not dropp'd from Heaven ?

STEPHANO. Out of the moon I do assure thee ; I was  
The man in the moon, when time was.

CALIBAN. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee ;  
My mistress shew'd me thee, thy dog, and bush.

I CONSIDER the wines of France to bear the same rank in comparison with those of other countries, that the highest order of lyrical effusion sustains in the world of poetry. Ordinary Rhenish wines are it's satires and pasquinades ; Port is didactic verse ; while among the first growths of the Rheingau, of Madeira, and of Spain, are to be sought the Shakspeares, the Homers, the Miltons, Virgils and Dantes of the wine-crypt.

It is in conformity with this poetical disposition of things, that, when I expect a visit from my friends, I descend into my wine-vault or mount the stairs of my attic. There, with keys in hand, I unloose the spirits of the mighty past, and restore in their happiest temperament and condition, and to their bright and animated destiny, the effulgent glories of the grape.

It was not always thus, dear John ! 'I do assure thee,' as my motto says, 'when time was,' a few cobweb'd bottles of old Madeira upon the upper shelf of a chamber closet not too near the surface of the earth, and a case or two, and basket or two, in a distant receptacle, were, in the golden days of thy better manhood, but faint precursors of thy rich and cherished hoards ; thy vaulted cellar and thy loaded wine-chamber — fraught as these now are with the result of distant voyages, of curious tastings, of patient research, and of elaborate choice illustrated with a benignant and happy fortune. And yet those were glad days, bright days, precious days ; were they not ? What a flavor, what a zest the wines wore when thou and I were young ! And the cookery ! dear Sirs, how well-dressed things were in those days !

We were living in a French boarding-house celebrated for it's *cuisine*. Our wine of course depended upon our proper self, but I have never met with a better *table d'hôte* than we were wont to be seated at, particularly upon any intimation to our worthy host that we expected friends, and wished to entertain them with our best. There was nothing of the 'busy hum of preparation,' nor any anxiety about the successful practice of the cook, nor disappointment in the marketing, nor rising in the dawn of morning after a feverish night to acquire, at any cost, the first specimen of the season ; nothing of that state of perturbed feeling which a tourist among us well calls 'stirring Heaven and Earth to give a dinner ;' but the hour came, the guests were punctual, and we sat down with

young hearts, young spirits, and above all, young palates to the board.

Among those few cobweb'd bottles that I have adverted to, upon that upper shelf, in that chamber closet, of that upper story, there might in those days have been discerned one that stood, like a star, *APART*; the treasured, cherished, garnered bottle that should upon some *alba dies* occasion grace our bachelor's repast. It was twin bottle to one that had been opened for us in that City of Refuge of good wines, Charleston South Carolina, in those days not less certainly than now, the abode of the hospitable, the accomplished and the brave. Our host there had produced its fellow as a specimen that he was desirous his friends should appreciate. 'Oh Stephano, hast any more of this?'

When I arrived in New-York after *ten* days and *ten* nights of continuous posting, (the distance is now accomplished I am told cleverly in *three*,) the flavour of that wine still regaled my palate; there was a spiritual vineyard flourishing within my heart; the fragrant blossom, the young grape, the purple cluster, the yielding pressure, and the nectareous juice; the autumnal grape-leaf with its magic dyes, and all the long history of joy which it is given to one or two rare specimens of the wines of this life to impart to the spirit of man; to impress upon his nerves; and to be recalled in sensations that make glad the fountains of his heart, and dispense his affections among his fellow men; all these were present to my senses, and delighted me with a varied, an intellectual, and constantly reviving joy. I had never known so perfect a beverage; and I wrote at once to my friend, offering him in exchange any description of wine that he could name to me, bottle for bottle.

He returned for answer an expression of regret that one only bottle remained of the batch; and intreating my acceptance of what I prized so highly, sent it on without delay. This was that lonely bottle, that stood, in vague and uncertain light like a Hero of Ossian, upon that upper shelf, in that chamber closet, of that upper story. Often did I gaze upon it, often apostrophize it, praise it with a recollected gladness, remember its acquirement, delight in its possession, and wonder when the time might come, and when the friends, that should deserve the peerless, the incomparable offering.

Upon a certain memorable day, and punctual to the moment, came a chosen party of my most honored and distinguished friends. The dinner was beyond praise, and all the appointments good. No crowd, no tumult, no excuse, no delay in serving, no vacant seat, no chair with small open hexagons of split rattan to disfigure the person of the guest for three successive days when the dress is thin, or to torture him when the weather is cold with pains which he is ashamed to complain of or even to mention — a practice, Mr. Editor and all who hear me, still obtaining in some houses in New-York, and at times, especially in winter, more abhorrent to the thoughts than is the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, since heat upon a gridiron is in many of its appliances preferable to cold upon

sharp rattan. No; each guest had his cushioned chair, 'with ample room and verge enough;' and course after course, and wine after wine, appeared, and was enjoyed, discussed, and quietly disappeared, alike without want or waste.

Well, the time of the repast came for my selected wines: they were all prepared, and all in the finest order and condition. The series was a perfect one; a veritable ladder of transport; up which the spirits of my guests ascended gracefully, step after step, as each higher and higher flavour presented itself to their gratified and entranced palate. At the last, sole remaining bottle of the list, came my Charleston acquisition. It is certainly in bad taste to expatiate upon one's wine from the chair, but as this was the only bottle of it's kind in the world, it seemed necessary to introduce it with a word that should at least perform that ceremony.

I told the story of its acquisition, and expressed the pleasure it gave me to present on this occasion the one remaining bottle of the world. We had been conversing a moment or two before, I remember, on the comparative advantages in drinking wine, between the *sip* and the *throw*, and had come to the conclusion, (which I think every man of sense must ultimately arrive at,) that the latter is the true way to enjoy the full *aroma* of the beverage, and at once to gain that gratifying descent, and that ascent to the wits; in short that satisfying blessedness of taste, which the mere sipper of potations of whatever kind must vainly aspire to know; say what you may to the contrary, Mr. T. G.!

The bottle was uncorked, decanted, and the wine came forth, in the profound silence and expectation of the guests, bright as the beam of your mistress's eye! The attention of all present was so absorbed by their interest in this only bottle, that until every man's glass was filled, hardly a sound was perceptible except the gurgling of the long-necked decanter as it distributed its glorious contents and passed with wings from hand to hand around the board and returned drained to the head of the table. Toasts were at that time in vogue; and as soon as I had said, '*Our hospitable friend in South Carolina, may his own last bottle reward him for the pleasure of this gift*,' each man did ample justice to the wine.

How shall I recount the catastrophe that ensued! We are all sinful men born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and it seemed as if the wine had also dealt ample and instant justice upon us! Every soul present was struck through the heart and liver to the spine! All rose instantly from the table, speechless, aghast, and terrified with the effect! There was a napkin or handkerchief over the mouth of each, and if we could have articulated a word, we might have exclaimed with the sons of the prophets at the feast in Gilgal, 'Oh my Lord, there is death in the pot!'

But it was impossible to relieve ourselves by words; it was literally in tears and groans that the guests made for the door, vanished from the room, escaped from the house, and left me, appalled, transfixed, incapable of utterance, standing at the head of my deserted table, and feeling that 'No man said, 'God bless him!''

For a fortnight, three weeks, a month, no one of my guests had his mouth *right*! I was afraid to walk in the streets lest I should meet one of them; there was a paralytic stricture in the countenance of each member of that sad party; in some it wore an expostulatory, an admonitory, in some a remonstrant, and in all the look of a *much injured person*. I must except one gentleman whom however I did not get a glimpse of until six weeks had elapsed. He was a well-bred Frenchman, with all the suavity and grace of manner that belongs to his class and nation. I shall ever feel grateful to him for the first kind word I had received since the discomfiture; though I have sometimes had doubts, judging from the reinstated appearance of his lips, whether he had taken more than half a glass: 'My dear Sir,' said he, 'when I had the pleasure to dine with you at your very agreeable party, there was one wine that had flavour very exemplary, *ma foi*!' I acknowledged it, I said. 'I think you did say it was American wine?' I did, I replied. 'What is the name if you please, as I pay much attention to the *sujet* of wines?' I named it. 'Will you be so very kind as write it in my tablet?' I prepared to comply; and telling him that I was not quite certain of the correct orthography of the word, wrote in large characters, the word, 'SCUPPERNONG.'

JOHN WATERS.

## ON THE DEATH OF A CLASSMATE.

'Oh! what a shadow o'er the heart is hung,  
When peals the requiem for the loved and young!'

W. G. CLARK.

We waste no sorrow o'er the verdant tomb  
When whitened Age is called to meet its doom;  
With shattered bark, on life's wild current driven,  
The tempest, threatening death, but wafts to heaven;  
And the freed spirit, borne on eagle wing,  
Mounts to the regions of eternal spring.  
No; 'tis not Age we mourn; life's course is run,  
And soon, at best, must set its sinking sun.

We weep no sad adieu when infant years  
Fly this cold vale, where joy still ends in tears;  
Ere yet a cloud has dimmed their morning sky  
Which hangs outspread so clearly blue on high;  
That sky the tempest's wrath will soon deform,  
And the day, dawned in sunshine, close in storm.  
Oh! who would bid that wandering spirit stay,  
Which seeks a fairer realm, a brighter day!

But when th' Avenger in his withering track  
Strikes in its bloom the pride of Manhood down,  
The heart's sad strings, but faintly echo back  
The plaintive murmurings of Sorrow's moan.  
'Unhappy youth!' ere life was well begun,  
And thy brief day had seen scarce half a sun,  
The roses from thy fading cheek have flown,  
And DEATH, the spoiler, marked thee for his own!



## G L E A N I N G S F R O M T H E G E R M A N .

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

## C O U N S E L .

SOUL of light in stone enthroned  
Is the precious diamond ;  
Son of light, do thou endure,  
Like this gem, still strong and pure !

## E P I T A P H .

READ, wanderer, a husband's moan :  
My wife was young and fair !  
Now lies upon her heart a stone,  
And mine—is light as air !

## ON THE EPITAPHS IN A CHURCH-YARD.

FALSEHOOD, O man ! delights thine eye :  
Thou teachest even stones to lie !

## O N B A V I U S .

GIVE him to drink of Lethe's wave ! why not  
Let the poor bard forget that he 's forgot ?

## L A D I E S ' T O N G U E S .

FRANKLY, ladies' tongues, confess  
Ye must wag perforce :  
Faith ! the sex might, as I guess,  
Without tongues discourse !

## T H E G R A Y - B E A R D :

NEARCH is blind, and deaf, and lame,  
The prey of time's corrosive greed,  
And long of crafty heirs the game ;  
When will the dead man die indeed ?

## G A R L A N D S .

YOUTH, with chaplets grace thy brow,  
But the garland choose with care ;  
Wreathed with laurel fadeeth late,  
Wreathed with myrtle soon, the hair.

## F R I E N D A N D F O E .

LET warning wisdom's kindly speech  
Thy friend his faults and failings show ;  
But let thy mute example teach  
The love of virtue to thy foe.

## P L E A S U R E .

LIST a mortal's quest, sweet Pleasure !  
Why so fleeting ? — answer, pray :  
Lost as soon as found, thy treasure !  
None can thy dear presence stay.

Thank thou, Fate, she cried, whose minions,  
All the gods, love me alone ;  
Were I fashioned without pinions,  
They would keep me for their own !

## THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

Harry Harson.

## CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

MORE than a week had elapsed since the rupture between Rhoneland and Rust; and during that period Jacob neither saw him nor heard from him. But in that interval he had become confirmed in his purpose of resistance; and had resolved, come what might, to risk any thing, rather than submit to the mental bondage which had hitherto crushed him. Steadfast in this purpose, he quietly awaited the movements of his adversary.

On one fine afternoon, the bright rays of a setting sun streaming through the window fell upon the face of the old man, as he was dozing in his room, and awakened him. Starting to his feet, and casting his eyes hurriedly about him, he exclaimed; 'I tell you no; I tell you *no*, Michael Rust. It shall never be! Ah Kate!' said he, looking about the room, and seeing no one except his daughter, 'it's you, is it?—only you? And I've been dreaming? Well, well; thank God it was no worse! It's strange I should have dreamed that Michael Rust wanted you, Kate, and asked for you. But no matter; kiss me, child. We've done with him. There's a comfort in that. We shall be quite happy—happy as we once were. Shall we not, Kate?'

Kate's lips quivered, as she pressed them to his forehead; and there was a busy little voice at her heart, which whispered a name, and brought up recollections that nearly choked her, as she said, in a low tone, 'Quite happy.'

'But Kate,' said her father, 'placing an arm about her waist, while he put back her hair with his other hand, and looked anxiously in her face, 'you don't say happy, *as in old times*.'

Kate was silent. What could she say, when her young heart was breaking? But at last she *did* say:

'It certainly will make me happier, much happier, than I have been, to know that you are once more yourself; that that evil, daring man has lost his influence over you, never to regain it; and that there is nothing to harrass you and break you down, as there once was. All this makes me quite happy. Indeed it does!' But there was that in her tone which belied her words, and Rhoneland observed it.

'Ah! child, child!' said he, shaking his head sorrowfully. 'I see it all. Ned Somers has much to answer for. I loved and trusted him. God forgive him that he meditated so vile a wrong! He was to me as my own son. Had he loved you, Kate, openly and hon-

orably as a man should, and as you deserve to be loved, and had he asked you from me, I would not have said *no*, Kate. But he acted like a villain; and I've cast him off forever.'

Kate became very pale, and her voice grew thick and husky, as she asked: 'Father, will you answer me a question?'

'Yes Kate, a hundred,' said he, drawing her more closely to him. 'I'll sit here all day long, and answer you. Now that *he* is gone, I feel quite young and boyish again; and nothing gladdens me more than your voice. Now go on. What is it?'

The girl took his hand in both her's, and looking steadily in his face, asked: 'Who told you the tale which set you against Ned?'

'Who?' inquired Rhoneland; 'who? Why, he — Rust.'

'And have you never found, in the course of your dealings with that man, that he could forget or pervert the truth; or even invent a falsehood, when it served his own purpose?'

Jacob Rhoneland laughed to himself, in a low chuckling tone, and rubbed his hands. 'What, lie? — Rust lie? Bless you, child, he does that more than any thing else. Ha! ha! He's a deep one, depend on it.'

'And can you see no reason for his traducing Ned?' said she, the blood mounting to her face, as she spoke. 'Was there no plan of his, which Ned's presence here crossed, and which rendered it necessary to prejudice you against him?'

The old man pondered; looked at her, and then at the floor; and at last sank back in his chair, in a deep and unpleasant reverie; from which he was only aroused by a knock at the door. 'Go to your room, Kate. It's Enoch. I'll open the door myself.'

Kate had scarcely left the room, and Jacob had not yet risen to obey the summons, when the door of the apartment opened, and Michael Rust walked in, as quietly and serenely as if nothing had happened.

'Good evening, friend Jacob,' said he, bowing low, and speaking in his softest tone. 'I'm here again, you see. I could not give you up so soon. I could not let a trifling misunderstanding break off old friendship. I had 'nt the heart to do it, good Jacob. There was a severe struggle between pride and friendship, but friendship gained the day; and I have come with an open heart to offer you my most humble apology, and to ask you to forget and forgive. I feel that I took an unwarrantable liberty with Kate; but I loved her, Jacob, and was hurried too far by my feelings. I was wrong, and you acted as a father should. Let us forget the past, and be as we were.'

Michael stretched out his hand, as he spoke, and even held it so, for some moments; but Rhoneland neither took it, nor looked at it, nor at him, nor uttered a word in reply; but with both hands resting on the top of his cane, which he had taken to assist him in rising, and his chin on them, sat looking out of the window, as if there were no other person than himself in the wide world.

What was it that bowed the bold, bad man, who had never yielded to him before? — who had trodden on his very neck, mocking his

sufferings, jeering at his agony of mind ; returning threats for supplications, and revilement for tears ; and now brought him a suppliant to his feet ? Was it that strange, mysterious feeling which sometimes tells a man that the hour of his fate is approaching, and that his time is measured ? Was the coming storm flinging its shadow over his path, even before the bursting of the tempest ? Did he feel the earth sinking beneath his feet ; and was he glad to grasp, even at a decayed and shattered branch to hold him up ? Or was it a part of a deeper policy ; and was there yet something to be gained by clinging to his former dupe ? It may have been a mixture of all these feelings ; but certain it is, that there he was ; the same thin, bowing, cringing hypocrite, with a tongue of oil and a heart of flint, endeavoring by soothing words and fawning lies once more to win back the man who had turned his back upon him. And equally certain it is, that a more unyielding, impenetrable, imperturbable piece of humanity he had never met with ; for to all his fine sentences, allurements, and artifices of every kind, he received no reply.

‘This tack won’t do,’ thought Rust. ‘He won’t swallow honey. I’ll give him wormwood ; but before that, one more attempt.’

‘Jacob, my friend,’ said he, drawing a chair nearer to him, seating himself, and sinking his voice ; ‘perhaps you think I meant ill about your daughter ?’

The old man moved restlessly, but was silent. Rust saw that he had touched the theme which would arouse him.

‘You were mistaken, my friend. Would that the intentions of all were as pure as mine.’

‘Speak of something else,’ replied Rhoneland, abruptly. ‘I’ll not hear you on that subject.’

‘But you must,’ said Rust ; ‘indeed you must, my old friend. Not that I would annoy you ; but I came here for that express purpose ; and *must* speak of her.’

Rhoneland looked keenly at him, and then at the floor, grasping the sides of the chair firmly ; as if to restrain himself from violence, and Rust went on.

‘I’m a man of few words, Jacob. Kate’s a dear, sweet girl. I love her ; she loves me. Will you give her to me for a wife ?’

‘It’s false !’ said Rhoneland, starting to his feet. ‘If there be a single person in this world whom Kate hates more than another, it is you !’ Give her to *you* for a wife !’ exclaimed he, in a bitter tone ; ‘give her to *you* — *you* ! I’d see her in her coffin first ! Go, Michael Rust,’ said he, extending his hands toward him ; ‘your power is at an end in this house. Go !’

‘Not quite, good Jacob !’ said Rust, in a low, fierce tone. ‘Not *quite*, good Jacob ! I know what your plans are ; what your hopes are. I know what Enoch Grosket can do ; and in what he’ll fail. He’ll fail to vindicate Jacob Rhoneland. He’ll fail to vindicate himself. He’ll fail to overthrow Michael Rust. He and Jacob will soon be cheek by jowl with those whose good deeds have placed fetters on them. It’s well, Jacob, it’s well. We’ll see who’ll win

the race. Pause, good Jacob, pause before you decide. I give you five minutes. With Michael Rust for a son-in-law, you are safe.'

Rhoneland grew exceedingly pale; and then summoning his resolution, said:

'I have decided. Though it cost me my life, you shall not marry Kate. Go!'

'Jacob Rhoneland, one word.'

'Not a syllable!' said the old man, grasping his heavy cane, and his face becoming purple with anger: 'viper! begone! If you darken my doors one moment longer, I'll fling you into the street!'

'Good by, Jacob,' said Rust; but not another word did he utter, as he left the house. His face was ashy pale; his features pinched and sharp; and he gnawed his lip until the blood came from it. Regardless of his appearance; with his long locks hanging in tangled flakes about his face, he hurried on. Dead and corpse-like as his features were, never was a fiercer spirit at work, to give life and energy to human frame; never was there a stronger concentration of dark passions in a human heart. His pace was quick and firm; there was no loitering; no pausing at corners, to think; no sign of irresolution. Darting along the street where the old man lived, and striking into one of the wider cross-streets of the city, he followed it until it brought him into Broadway. This he crossed, and plunged into that labyrinth of narrow streets which run between that and the Bowery. Threading them, with the ready step of one familiar with their turns and windings, he neither paused to inquire his direction, nor to read the sign-boards; but even in the darkest and dreariest corners, his knowledge seemed certain and accurate. The twilight had darkened into night, and the streets were narrow; and as he proceeded in the direction of the more fated parts of the city, dim figures, which like bats were shrouded in holes and dark hiding-places in the day time, were beginning to flit about, yet he felt no hesitation nor fear. In the most gloomy and blighted of all these places, he paused, cast a quick suspicious glance about him, to see that none watched him, and then darted up an alley between two houses, so ruined and sagged that their gables met over it like a gothic arch. Groping his way along, he came to a door at the foot of a flight of stairs which terminated the passage. He did not pause to knock; but pulling a string, opened it, and ascended a pitch-dark staircase, which in like manner was terminated at the upper end by a door. At this he knocked loudly. He was answered by a gruff voice which inquired:

'Is that you, Joe?'

'No,' replied Rust.

'Well, if you ain't Joe, who are you? If you ain't got a name, peg away; for blow me, if I open till I hear it.'

There was a noise, as if the speaker, in conclusion of his observation, drew a chair or bench along the floor, and seated himself.

'Come Bill,' said another voice, 'this won't do. You'd better open it.'

A muttering from Bill showed that he thought otherwise; but the

person who had spoken, apparently not heeding his disapprobation, got up and opened the door, giving to Rust as he did so a full view of the interior of the room.

At a table sat a man with coarse red hair, and a beard of several days' growth. He was a brawny fellow, six feet high, with a cast in one eye, which seemed to have been injured by a deep gash; the scar of which still remained, commencing on the very eye-lid, crossing one cheek, and his nose, and giving an air of sternness to features which needed not this addition, to express much that was bad. His companion, who had opened the door, was a man of smaller build, with broad, square shoulders, dark sharp eyes, narrow forehead, and overhanging brows, and a thin, tremulous lip; and though possessed of less physical strength than his comrade, looked much the most dangerous man of the two.

They both eyed Rust for a moment, without speaking, and then the larger of the two said to his comrade: 'Tim Craig, hand the gentleman a chair.'

'I don't want one,' said Rust abruptly. 'Have you seen Enoch?'

They both shook their heads.

'He'll blow on me, and you, and others.'

The two men looked at him, and then at each other, but said nothing.

'He's set himself up against me — *me!*' said Rust, his thin lip curling and yet trembling as he spoke.

'He's a dark man, that Enoch,' said Craig, in a low tone. 'There's no good in crossing him, Mr. Rust.'

'Crossing him! crossing *him!*' exclaimed Rust. 'He has crossed *me*. Who ever did *that*, and prospered! Ho! ho! Enoch, Enoch! you mistook your man!'

The two looked anxiously at each other, but did not speak; and although they had the thews and sinews which could have torn the thin form before them to shreds, it seemed as if they both shrank from him with something like fear.

'It has come to the death-struggle between us,' said Rust; 'one or the other must fall.'

'If you're the one?' inquired Craig.

'Others must go too,' replied Rust; 'they *must*.'

Craig gnawed his lip.

'If Enoch goes, he goes alone,' continued Rust. 'He must be out of my way; he knows too much.'

The men exchanged looks; but the larger of the two seemed to leave all the speaking to the other, merely listening with great attention, and occasionally favoring his comrade with a glance, whenever it seemed necessary.

'I have no time to stay now,' said Rust, turning to Craig: 'I've told you enough. Grosket is in my way. I must be rid of him.'

Craig put his finger to his throat, and deliberately drew it across it. 'You're a ticklish man to deal with, Mr. Rust. Is that what you mean?' said he.

'I say I must be rid of him,' replied Rust, fiercely. 'Are you



deaf? Are your brains addled? Rid of him — *rid* of him — RID of him!’ exclaimed he, advancing, and hissing the words in the man’s ear, while there was something in his look and manner that caused even the bold villain he addressed to draw back and assume a somewhat defensive attitude. ‘Do you understand me now? Law won’t do what I want. I prescribe no mode; but Enoch Grosket must be out of my path.’

‘You’re growing red-hot, my master,’ said the man, bluntly. ‘But I must have what you want spoken out. Shall he be knocked on the head?’

‘Hasn’t he committed a murder, burnt a house, stolen, embezzled? I think I’ve heard of his having done something of the kind,’ said Rust, earnestly.

‘Of course he has. He’s done ’em all, if you like. Bill knows something about them. Do n’t you, Bill?’

‘Oh! yes,’ said Bill, refreshing himself from a large pitcher of water. ‘This ’ere vorter is very weak. Blowed if I ain’t forgot what liquor smells like; and it’s so long since I see’d a dollar, that bless me, if I think I’d know one. I’d have to go to some obligin’ friend to ax what it was.’

This declaration of ignorance was accompanied by a look of consummate disgust into the pitcher, and another of a very peculiar character at Rust.

That worthy, however, seemed not unused to meeting with gentlemen in similar trying circumstances; for he gave both the look and language an interpretation which, considering the enigmatical mode in which they were expressed, fully met the views of the man who uttered them; and thrusting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a handful of silver, which he flung into the pitcher, and said:

‘Perhaps that will improve the water.’

Bill made no other response than a broad grin; and then said in a more business-like tone:

‘Well, about that murder, and house burnin’, and all that. What do you want?’

‘I want proof of it against Grosket, if he did it.’

‘In course he did it,’ replied the man, with a knowing look.

‘Well, bring me the proof of it, and bring it soon. You know where to find me.’

He turned on his heel, and even before they were aware that he had left the room, he was on his way through the street.

His course was now to his old den. When he reached it, he found even that paragon of clerks, Mr. Kornicker, absent. This was a relief; for he was too much excited to care to have any witness of his appearance.

‘It struck seven as I passed the town-clock,’ said he. ‘It wants an hour to the time fixed. I’ll wait.’

Although it was dark, he flung himself on a chair, without striking a light, and sat for some time in silence, tapping the floor with his foot. But rest was not the thing for his present mood; and he soon started up, and paced the room, muttering to himself. At last the

clock struck eight. The lights, which shining from the windows in different parts of the building, somewhat relieved the gloom of his room, were extinguished one by one, and it became pitchy dark. Rust lighted a candle; placed it on the mantel-piece, and stood looking at it for some moments. He heard a step on the stairs; but it ascended to the floor beyond, then descended, and went out in the street. He looked at his watch; it was but five minutes after eight. 'God! how slow the time went!' Perhaps his watch had stopped. He put it to his ear: tick, tick, tick! There seemed an interval of a minute between every stroke. 'Five minutes past eight; ten minutes more, and *she* will be here,' muttered he; 'and then I shall know the worst.'

He put the watch in his pocket; and looking at the ceiling, attempted to whistle; but it would not do. His blood was in a fever. Hark!—was that a footstep on the stairs? No, it was only the tread of a person overhead. Hist! what's that? He stood stock-still, and listened. There was a slight shuffling noise in the passage; and then a faint tap at the door.

Rust sprang forward, and opened it. A female, muffled in an old cloak, stood cowering on the outside.

'Ha! it's you at last!' exclaimed he, in that abrupt, energetic manner, which suited his character better than his more usual tones. 'What news?'

The woman, either to gain time, or because she was really exhausted, staggered to a chair, and turning her face to the light, revealed the features of Mrs. Blossom.

'Ah's me! ah's me!' said she, leaning back, and sighing heavily. 'It's a wearisome way I've come, old and feeble as I am—old and feeble, old and feeble—a very wearisome way.'

There must have been something in the look of Rust, who stood before her with his black, glowing eye fixed on her's, that was peculiarly startling; for she paused in her whining, and turning to him, said:

'What do you look at me so for?'

'Is there no reason for it?' said Rust, in a low voice. 'Is there no trust betrayed? Have you done all that you swore to do?'

Mrs. Blossom, hardened as she naturally was, and as she had become, by long following a pursuit which requires no little assurance, was not without some signs of trepidation at this question.

'No, no; I have n't. I swear I have n't,' said she.

'I placed two children in your charge,' continued Rust, in the same low tone. 'They were never to leave it, except for one place—the grave.'

Mrs. Blossom's wan features grew paler, as she whispered: 'Not so loud, Mr. Rust, not so loud.'

'As you please; I'll whisper,' said Rust, suiting the action to the word; and speaking in a whisper, yet so distinct and thrilling, that each word seemed to come like a blow. 'I placed two children under your charge; and unless I required them, and unless they grew ill, and died, they were to become what you are. Where are they? I want them.'

Mrs. Blossom looked hopelessly about her, as if she meditated an escape; but seeing no chance of any, she cast a deprecating eye at Rust, shook her head, and said nothing. Rust went on in the same strain:

'They were with you two months since; going on gloriously; travelling at a hand-gallop to the grave. I have heard strange stories of them since. Are they true?'

Still the woman was silent.

'Answer me!' said Rust, his fury gradually getting the mastery of him, and his voice bursting out loud and clear. 'Where are they?'

Mrs. Blossom clasped her hands and looked at him, but uttered not a word.

'Where are the children? Answer me!' said he, starting to his feet, and darting up to her, his eyes perfectly blood-shot with fury, and the foam standing round his lips; 'the children, I say — *the children!* God d — n you! — do you hear me?'

Mrs. Blossom covered down in the chair, and made one or two futile efforts to speak; her thin blue lips quivered; but no sound came from them; while a kind of idiotic smile fixed itself on her features.

'THE CHILDREN, I say!' exclaimed Rust, gnashing his teeth with rage; and seizing the woman by the shoulders in his paroxysm of fury, he shook her until she reeled and fell to the floor. 'What have you done with them? Answer me; or by the God of Heaven I'll crush you beneath my feet!'

Before his amiable intention, however, could be carried into effect, Mrs. Blossom had recovered her wits, her feet, and not a little of her usual spirit; and turning upon him, with eyes flashing as brightly as his own, she said:

'They're gone, Michael Rust; gone, *gone!* Do you hear that? Gone, where when you next see them you will wish the undertaker had measured them before. Gone, gone! ha! ha! You won't see the lambs again. So much for striking an unprotected female, Michael Rust. That for ye! *that* for ye! THAT for ye!' And she snapped her fingers in the face of the disappointed schemer, and left the room, slamming the door loudly after her.

Rust clasped his hands, as she went out, and raised his eyes to heaven.

'Gone!' repeated he, in a low tone; '*gone!* — both gone! And I — I? — what will become of me? Is it for *this* that I have toiled and slaved for years; that I have stooped to meanness and dissimulation; have steeped myself in crime, and have had felons and miscreants of every dye for my associates? For years have I been on the rack: no more quiet hours, or peaceful dreams; no more love from those of the same blood; but cursed, hated; hated with the worst hate, the hate of one's own kindred; my schemes thwarted, my hopes blighted; a felon; my dearest hopes crumbled to dust; these two children restored to their rights; Kate married! — and I, I, where shall I be? God of Heaven!' exclaimed he, dashing up and down the room, 'shall these things be? Shall I fall? — shall *they*

triumph? Never! never! Be yourself, Michael Rust!' said he, in a choked voice; 'be yourself! be yourself! This has happened from trusting others. Rely on yourself, Michael; be cool, Michael; and then thwart them — thwart them!'

He paused and stood in the middle of that room like a statue. Slowly and by degrees every trace of excitement disappeared from his features, until they had assumed a sharp, rigid, fixed look; and then, he said, pursuing the same theme: 'Thwart them; *thwart* them, Michael Rust! Work, toil, cringe, lie, steal, murder — aye, do *any* thing — but thwart them, thwart them! Good Michael Rust, don't suffer yourself to be a by-word in their mouths! And if you fail, Michael, die fighting. There's something noble in *that*. Be it so; be it so!' said he, in a stern, abrupt tone. 'They've driven me to extremities. Nothing but desperate measures can save me. Desperate measures shall be tried. Does success require a life? Well, well; the world's overloaded; it shall have one. If I attain it, it will be another's; if I fail, it will be my own: the grave is a quiet resting-place; a better one than the world, when a man's foiled in all his aims. But I'm weary, I'm weary!' said he, in a low, desponding tone; 'my head's dizzy, and my brain confused, by the troubles which have come so thickly upon me to-day. I must rest.'

Drawing a chair to the table, he seated himself upon it; bent his head down upon the table, and exhausted by the excitement of the last few days, which had taxed even his iron frame beyond its powers of endurance, he soon slept heavily.

#### T H E   S E A S O N   O F   D E A T H .

On! thou resistless and relentless power!  
 Mighty, mysterious in thy every form:  
 Unbidden thou com'st to mar the natal hour,  
 Stealing the heart's young pulse, with life scarce warm.  
 And thou art there where the green vine is turning  
 Its gentle fragrance from Love's rosy bower;  
 And thou art there where silent stars are burning,  
 Sweetly and calmly, o'er the bridal hour.  
 And thou art there where young Joy in his mirth  
 Presses his cup to lips of human wo,  
 And thou art there where Pleasure hath its birth,  
 Following its footsteps wheresoe'er they go!

And ah! where art thou *not*, mysterious DEATH!  
 The young, the fair, the pure in heart, are thine;  
 Beauty, and love, and power, these all have breath  
 But for thy conquering; and hope divine,  
 And bliss, and sweet affection, and the tear  
 That sparkles in the eye of love; the sigh  
 That moves soft pity in the soul sincere,  
 All, all are thine, O Death! for all must die!  
 Passing like blossoms from the earth away,  
 All that of life or being hath its share;  
 The heart hath scarce its hour of hope to pray,  
 For thy cold hand, O Death! is everywhere!

*New-York, September, 1843.*

EDMUND BREWSTER GREEN.

## THE MEMOIRS OF COUNT ROSTOPTCHIN.

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 WRITTEN IN TEN MINUTES.
 

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A LADY one day said to the celebrated Count ROSTOPTCHIN that he ought to write his memoirs. The next day the Count handed her a little roll of paper. 'What have you here?' asked the lady. 'I have obeyed your commands,' replied he; 'I have written my memoirs; here they are.' The lady was not a little surprised at the promptness of the performance; and hastened to peruse the following morcean, the caustic wit and piquancy of which will remind the reader of the keen satire of Voltaire.

## MY MEMOIRS, OR MYSELF AS I AM.

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 WRITTEN IN TEN MINUTES.
 

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## CHAPTER I: MY BIRTH.

ON the twelfth day of March, 1765, I emerged from darkness into the light of day. I was measured, I was weighed, I was baptised. I was born without knowing wherefore, and my parents thanked heaven without knowing for what.

## CHAPTER II: MY EDUCATION.

I WAS taught all sorts of things, and learned all kinds of languages. By dint of impudence and quackery, I sometimes passed for a *savant*. My head has become a library of odd volumes, of which I keep the key.

## CHAPTER III: MY SUFFERINGS.

I WAS tormented by masters; by tailors who made tight dresses for me; by women, by ambition, by self-love, by useless regrets, by kings, and by remembrances.

## CHAPTER IV: PRIVATIONS.

I HAVE been deprived of the three great enjoyments of the human species; theft, gluttony, and pride.

## CHAPTER V: MEMORABLE EPOCHS.

AT the age of thirty, I gave up dancing; at forty, my endeavors to please the fair sex; at fifty, my regard of public opinion; at sixty, the trouble of thinking; and I have now become a true sage, or egotist, which is the same thing.

## CHAPTER VI: MORAL TRAITS.

I WAS stubborn as a mule, capricious as a coquette, frolicsome as a child, lazy as a dormouse, active as Bonaparte, and all at my pleasure.

## CHAPTER VII: IMPORTANT RESOLUTION.

NEVER having been able to master my countenance, I let loose the bridle of my tongue, and contracted the bad habit of thinking aloud. This procured me some pleasures and many enemies.

## CHAPTER VIII: WHAT I WAS AND WHAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

I HAVE been very sensible of friendship and confidence; and if I had been born in the golden age, I might perhaps have been a very excellent man.

## CHAPTER IX: RESPECTABLE PRINCIPLES.

I HAVE never meddled in any marriages or scandal. I have never recommended a cook or a physician; and consequently have never attempted the life of any one.

## CHAPTER X: MY TASTES.

I TOOK pleasure in small parties, and was fond of a walk in the woods. I had an involuntary veneration for the sun, and his setting often made me sad. Of colors I preferred blue; in eating, beef with horse-radish; for drinking, cold water; at the theatre, comedy and farce; of men and women, open and expressive countenances. Hunchbacks of both sexes always had a peculiar charm for me, which I could never define.

## CHAPTER XI: MY DISLIKES.

I HAD a dislike to sots and fops, and to intriguing women who make a game of virtue; a disgust for affectation; pity for made-up men and painted women; an aversion to rats, liquors, metaphysics, and rhubarb; and a terror of justice and wild beasts.

## CHAPTER XII: ANALYSIS OF MY LIFE.

I AWAIT death without fear and without impatience. My life has been a bad melo-drama on a grand stage, where I have played the hero, the tyrant, the lover, the nobleman, but never the valet.

## CHAPTER XIII: THE BOUNTIES OF HEAVEN.

My great happiness consists in being independent of the three individuals who govern Europe. As I am sufficiently rich, meddle not with politics, and care very little for music, of course I have nothing to do with Rothschild, Metternich, or Rossini.

## CHAPTER XIV: MY EPITAPH.

‘HERE lies, in hope of repose, an old deceased devil, with a worn-out spirit, an exhausted heart, and a used-up body. Ladies and Gentlemen, pass on!’



## DEDICATORY EPISTLE TO THE PUBLIC.

Dog of a Public! discordant organ of the passions! thou who raisest thy minion to heaven, and then plungest him in the mire; thou who extoldest and slanderest without knowing why; image of the tocsin; echo of thyself; absurd tyrant; offscouring of the meanest houses; extract of the most subtle poisons and of the most exquisite perfumes; representative of the devil among the human species; a fury masked in Christian charity!—PUBLIC! whom I feared in my youth, respected in my riper years, and despised in my old age; it is to thee that I dedicate my memoirs. Gentle Public! I am at last out of thy reach, for I am dead, and consequently deaf, blind, and mute. Mayest thou enjoy these advantages for thy own repose and for that of the human race!

WE read in the *'Bibliographie Universelle et Portative des Contemporains'* that 'when Count Rostoptchin visited Paris, people were not a little surprised to find a man of wit and good breeding in one whom until now they had regarded as a 'ferocious Tartar.' This brutal epithet was no more suitable to a man like Count Rostoptchin than that of 'an incendiary,' with which Madame d' Abrantes has honored him in her memoirs. A great many piquant sayings are attributed to him, of which we will merely quote the following: 'I came to France,' said he, 'to judge for myself of the real merit of three celebrated men; the Duke of Otranto, Prince Talleyrand, and Potier.\* It is only the last who seems to me to come up to his reputation.'

Here is another piquant anecdote. One day when the Emperor Paul I. was surrounded by a numerous circle, among whom were many Russian princes, and count Rostoptchin, his favorite minister, 'Tell me,' abruptly asked he of the latter, 'why are you not a prince?'

After a moment's hesitation at this singular question, Count Rostoptchin replied:

'Will your Imperial Majesty permit me to give the true reason?'

'Undoubtedly.' 'It is because my ancestor, who came from Tartary to settle in Russia, arrived there in the winter time.'

'Ah! and what had the season of the year to do with the title that was given him?'

'This, your Majesty; when a Tartar-lord made his first appearance at court, it was the custom for the sovereign to give him the choice between a fur-cloak and the title of prince. My ancestor arrived during a very severe winter, and had the good sense to prefer the former.'

Paul laughed heartily at this reply; and turning to the princes who were present: 'See, gentlemen,' said he; 'you may congratulate yourselves that your ancestors did not arrive in the winter!'

\* A celebrated comic actor.

## A N A C R E O N T I C .

I.

PULSE of my heart! dear source of care,  
Of stolen sighs and love-breathed vows;  
Sweeter than when, through scented air,  
Gay bloom the apple-boughs!

II.

With thee no day can winter seem,  
Nor frost, nor blast can chill:  
Thou the soft breeze, the cheering beam,  
That keep it summer still!

## I N T E R N A T I O N A L C O P Y - R I G H T .

CRISPIN, who stole leather to make shoes for the poor, was none the less a thief, says Wolfgang Menzel, in an article on literary piracy. But Menzel is a German, and it would be alike absurd and unsafe for an eminently practical people, like ourselves, to be governed in regard to our national policy by an eminently philosophical people like the Germans. We are by no means certain that Crispin is not a fellow to be copied: before we pronounce judgment upon him, we must know whether he stole from his own countrymen, or from foreigners. There is a vast difference; a difference as great as the countries may be apart. Nothing can be more evident than the proposition that a nation cannot exist by domestic thievery, for I cannot steal from my neighbor unless my neighbor steal from abroad. Therefore, in considering a theft, nationally, it is of the first importance to know who it is that has been robbed. Like many other acute critics, Menzel has furnished a very potent argument to refute his own doctrines, by reasoning a little too close: the parallel between the shoe-maker who steals his leather for the benefit of the people, and the printer or book-publisher who pirates the contents of a book, is a peculiarly unhappy one for the cause he advocates. Nothing can be more evident, no principle is more strongly interwoven in our policy as a nation, than that of encouraging domestic manufactures. It is very plain that if the material for our books cost us nothing, we can manufacture them more cheaply than a rival nation that is compelled to pay their authors for producing them; it is also equally evident that they can therefore be afforded at a cheaper rate to the people, and that the quantity sold will be in proportion to the lowness of the price, and that the intelligence of the people will be in proportion to the number of books that are read: if, in addition to the contents of our books, we could pirate the leather, paper, types, and ink of which they are composed, we should be the most enlightened and independent people in the world, if we are not so already.

The trade of authorship has always entailed on its professors poverty and disease. The sedentary habits which it induces must of necessity undermine health: the abstraction from the every-day affairs of life, requisite to its successful prosecution, almost always causes insanity, or at least mania; and it is not clear that monomania is not an essential feature of authorship: in fact, the history of authorship is but a record of wretchedness. No other profession has furnished an exclusive chapter of calamities. We never hear of the calamities of merchants, of brick-layers, or cultivators. If then we can save our countrymen from the exercise of a calling so manifestly injurious to their happiness and welfare, by availing ourselves of the labors of foreigners, to whom we owe neither protection nor fealty, what man who wishes well to his country will have the temerity to oppose a practice so conducive to our national prosperity? We have declared ourselves a free and independent people; but could it be said that we were either free or independent, if we were restrained, by self-imposed laws, from making free with the labors of a rival nation, separated from us by an ocean of three thousand miles? or independent, if we were dependent upon ourselves for our intellectual pabulum?

The only independent nation of modern times was the Algerines, now unhappily extinct. They were a model people! They were free and independent, in the most liberal and extended sense. They were dependent upon themselves for nothing which they could take from other nations; and so fully did they carry out their principle of national independence, that they looked to a foreign power to furnish them with their governors. No native of the soil was ever harassed by the cares of government. All their rulers were imported from abroad.

In respect of mere corporeal rulers, we are as yet far behind the Algerines, but virtually we are in advance of them as respects our governing power. No one will deny that to rule the mind is far better, more honorable, more arduous, and more important, than to rule the body. Our mental rulers are all foreigners; the majority of them pensioners of a government that advocates and inculcates principles directly opposed to those that we profess. They rule us by means of the books that we cunningly pirate from them, and thereby save ourselves a very great amount of trouble and expense. It is true that some of our people are mad enough to attempt to divide this ruling power with these foreigners, by publishing books themselves; but their efforts only prove the correctness of our assertion; for in order to smuggle their works into notice, they are compelled to make them so nearly like those that are printed, that they could not be distinguished from them, were it not for their title-pages. Evidences of these truths abound, on all sides, as well in the Church as the State. Some of our young preachers have improved their opportunities of studying foreign books to that degree, that they have boldly confessed that the great reformation was not only unjustifiable, but a real detriment to the cause of humanity. Others have professed a faith in the fine old conservative doctrine of the divine right

of kings; and one young presbyter that we know, has quitted his country, and now officiates as a chaplain in the dominions of her most gracious majesty, Victoria the First. Other blessings equal to these are continually manifested by our rulers and legislators, who give abundant evidence that they have profited by the continual influx of foreign mind. One great statesman, of the Virginia school of politics, a great patriot and a great orator also, profited to such an extent by his foreign books, that he could not even read a work that had been re-printed in this country. But we would not be thought to advocate so sublime and patriotic an extension of the great principle of pirating as this, because it would deprive our artisans and tradesmen of a very profitable business. Perhaps the most remarkable and beneficial effect of our independence of ourselves, is manifested by the clergy, who depend almost entirely upon England for their theology, and thereby become so thoroughly imbued with an independent spirit, that when they happen to be troubled with a thoracic disorder, or any other disease, immediately leave their flocks to the care of the great Head of the Church, and hurry off to Europe to consult foreign physicians, and inhale a mouthful of foreign air.

But the real benefits of the present system of pirating English books, consist in the employment given to capital and labor. Our paper-mills, type-founders, printers, binders, and book-sellers, are kept in constant employment by the intellect of Great Britain. The brain of Walter Scott alone gave employment to a greater number of mechanics and tradesmen than that of any American since the revolution, with the exception of Fulton. It must be borne in mind that the imagination of a foreign author creates for us a source of employment, which but for him would not exist; beside furnishing for us a never-failing source of recreation and profitable enjoyment. Were it not for Scott and Bulwer, Boz and James, we should have no novels to read; were it not for Tom Moore, we should have no songs to sing; and but for foreign composers, we should have no music. Since the successful experiment of ocean navigation, we have become more and more independent of ourselves; and we now have the gratification of seeing London newspapers hawked about our streets, to the very manifest falling off in the manufacture of the home article. If we still remain true to ourselves, and resolutely shut our ears to the complaints of these interested and mercenary writers, both at home and abroad, the time will soon come when our people will be saved entirely from all literary drudgery, and even our newspapers be re-publications of London Times' and Chronicles, as some of our Magazines already are of London and Edinburgh and Dublin monthlies.

How absurd, how impudent, how mercenary and grovelling, it is in these British authors to require of us to pass a law that will deprive ourselves of such great advantages, merely to put a few dollars in their pockets, and encourage a set of men among us to supplant them, and so inculcate a spirit of base and servile self-dependence among our people! The great object of an author should be fame. No true genius will exert himself for filthy lucre.

It must be infinitely more grateful to a high nature to be read by thousands, than to be paid by hundreds; and therefore we benefit these foreigners in spite of themselves, by re-printing their works at a cheap rate, thereby greatly enlarging the circle of their readers, and adding to their reputation. It is very true that the British Parliament has passed a law giving to American authors the privilege of copyright as soon as a reciprocal law shall be passed by us; but are we to be dictated to by the British Parliament? Are we to be reminded of our duty by foreigners, who thus make a show of their magnanimity, only to entice us to follow their example? Shall we become mere copyists of another nation? Forbid it Justice! forbid it Independence!

If we concede to the foreign author a right of property in the productions of his brain, which after all is merely the distillation of other people's ideas expressed in some other way before him, or at best the promptings of Nature, which are the common property of mankind, like air and sun-shine, we shall next be called upon to recognize the inherent and indestructible right of an author to his works, for all time.

When a citizen purchases of government a quarter section of land in one of the territories, and pays for it at the rate of a dollar and a quarter the acre, it becomes his own property, and the whole nation would rise up like one man to defend him in the undisturbed possession of it to the end of time. But if this same citizen should devote the flower of his manhood, the vigor of his intellect, and even the land itself which he may have purchased of his country, in the production of a book for the benefit of humanity, he would have no right to the possession of his work but for a very limited number of years; and although he would be protected in the possession of his land, or the products of it, from foreign aggression, we would not allow him any protection in the enjoyment of the product of his brain, even though a foreign nation should civilly agree to respect our law for that purpose if we should think proper to pass one.

The reasons for these distinctions in regard to different kinds of property are so very clear and conclusive, so exceedingly simple and obvious, that we do not choose to insult the understanding of our readers by repeating them. Some of the advocates of an international copy-right have urged in its favor that a measure so just could not be otherwise than politic, and that it would be safe to adopt one, without any regard to expediency, but relying solely upon truth and justness. But such a principle as this is directly at variance with the genius of our constitution and laws; and were it adopted in one case would be urged as a precedent in another, and an entire overthrow of our system of government would be the consequence. Were so mischievous a principle as this once adopted by our legislators as their rule of action, what would become of those noble specimens of eloquence with which we are favored every session of Congress, when members who are perfectly agreed as to the justness of a measure, dispute for weeks and months in regard to its expediency or profit? What would become of our army and navy, and

our corps of diplomatists? What would become of many of the peculiar institutions of the North and of the South? In short, how would our representatives contrive to lengthen out a session, or even make a speech for *Bunkum*, to be read by their constituents?

The subject widens as we write; absurdities throng around our quill, striving to get down to the nib of our pen; and the very fulness of the argument chokes our utterance; we grow fustigatory and impatient to lay about us; but we must conclude in the words with which an ingenious cotemporary a few months since began an essay upon the same subject, namely: '*Copy-right is a humbug.*'

'FULGURA FRANGO.'

# LINES TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

ON READING 'FORGET-ME-NOT,' IN THE JULY KNICKERBOCKER.

BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

## I.

WHEN spring-time fancies haunt the brain,  
Or cluster round the young heart's shrine,  
No sadness clogs the dreamer's strain,  
To bid him o'er his lot repine:  
By Love's first fantasies oppressed,  
He hies him to some stream-laved spot,  
And sighs along the blue-flower's breast,  
'Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!'

## II.

To manhood's sterner cares allied,  
The image lords it o'er his will;  
In vain the struggles of his pride,  
The form and features haunt him still.  
His pillow sought, the toils of life,  
Trade, strifes, defeats, all are forgot,  
While with one theme his dream is rife:  
'Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!'

## III.

Poor dreamer! like his fleeting years,  
The autumn of his fond desires  
Pours disappointment's icy tears,  
To quench his youth's delusive fires.  
Within his heart, time and despair,  
To foil his hopes triumphant plot;  
Unmoved at his unceasing prayer,  
'Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!'

## IV.

Like to the flower when autumn comes  
To seek its folds with chilling breath,  
And winter's earliest whisper roams  
Its heart among, to tell of death;  
Thus on man's heart, as o'er the flower,  
Fall tears, with grief and anguish hot,  
And speeds the cry to Heaven's high Power,  
'Forget-me-not! forget-me-not!'



## THE MAIL ROBBER.

NUMBER FOUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

SIR: I can only account for your conduct by this one supposition: you must be a *drinking-man*. Nothing but the repeated, though perhaps unconscious, inebriation arising from an excessive use of stimulating drinks, could produce that torpidity of the moral sentiments which is manifested by your editorial career. Your late allusion to the cordwainers of Xeres, or in vulgar tap-room slang, '*sherry cobbles*,' is very strong against you. Your ill-timed merriment—the jocose levity of your 'Editor's Table'—all go to confirm my theory. You indulge—I know you do.

Now, Sir, as a strict Washingtonian, and the corresponding secretary of two temperance societies, I request you for the benefit of the community to make a statement of your case, with a phrenological chart of your developments, a brief account of your habit of body, your temperament, age, etcetera, together with the amount which you absorb daily, and a history of your propensity. In the anticipation of such a statement, I forego any offence at whatever may formerly have passed between us. You are to be pitied rather than detested. I know, from experience, that under the influence of stimulants we are not always accountable agents. We should be merciful one to another; and although I have heretofore found it difficult to repress my disgust at your folly, I assure you that I am far from entertaining unchristian feelings. May you yet live to become a respectable member of society, and an ornament of our ranks! You may find worthier employment in conducting some religious journal or temperance periodical. If you become sincerely anxious to reform, and to distinguish yourself as an ardent champion of virtue, the society will feel pleasure in lending you their powerful aid. Our funds are at present somewhat low, in consequence of the prodigious expense of a late fair and several temperance pic-nics in the country, at which we nobly burned many whole hogsheds of the most costly Jamaica and Cogniac spirits. The sight of the self-destroying monster wasting away in the blue intensity of his own suicidal flame, excelled any thing in the way of moral grandeur that I have witnessed since the Croton-aqueduct celebration. Still, in spite of our tremendous disbursements, I will venture to promise you, if you enlist under the banners of the cause, a handsome situation, either as a Reformed Inebriate, or a travelling County-Delegation Jubilee Pic-Nic Poet and Orator. Depend upon it, that under the cold-water system your profits will be increased, your morals improved, your appetite and intellectual faculties

enlarged and well-balanced, and all the fibres of the frame restored to a firm, vigorous tone.

Touching the subject of these letters, I would observe that our English friend has done very wisely in permitting their publication. But surely you will not think of accepting his favors without giving him an adequate requital. I am told they are extensively read, and add much to the attractions of your Magazine. He certainly ought to be most handsomely paid. Having never thought it worth while to make any poetry myself, I cannot well judge of the labor of making it, or of its value; but I know that we have repeatedly paid clergymen in New-England thirty or forty dollars for a temperance ode, and hymn to match. For my own part, I am willing to sink my demand (albeit a prior one) in favor of his own claim. He will consider the propriety of either going on shares with me, or allowing me whatever premium he may think just upon each letter. Instrumental as I have been in preserving his epistles from the dangers of flood and fire, and procuring their secure transmission, through the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, to their destination, he will not neglect my hint. I am willing to look upon it as merely a commission business; my object being rather an amicable arrangement, and a mutual understanding of each other's interests, than any thing of a mercenary nature. Whatever profit may fall to my hands shall all be faithfully devoted to the Cause.

I send you herewith a splendid pictorial illustration, colored to the life, of the awful appearance of the interior of a drunkard's stomach. It has produced a powerful sensation in Boston, and may persuade you to reflect upon the possible condition of your own intestines.

I beg that you will by no means print this letter, as it may look like trumpeting my own goodness.

Yours, etc., in the Pledge,

NORWITHSTANDING the foregoing injunction of the pacified financier not to print his letter, it is evident that he intended it for the public eye. It would moreover be most unjust not to let the world into a knowledge of his many virtues. As to our own vices, and especially the one here dwelt upon with so much fervor, we must be permitted to remark, in reply to the commiseration and advice of our moral friend, that during the whole course of a life 'now some years wasted,' we were never 'groggy,' 'intoxicated,' 'boozy,' 'swipped,' 'cut,' 'how-came-you-so,' 'swizzled,' or 'tight,' but *once*; and assuredly *that*, as DOGBERRY says, 'shall be *suffegance*.' On a certain evening of one of the remote 'days that were' in our history, we remember ('ah! yes! too well remember!') trying to discover whether there was any foundation for the suspicion of a friend, that we had been over-'indulging' at a supper-party from which we both were returning. The fact truly was so. We ascertained, in endeavor-

oring, for the satisfaction of our friend, to 'toe a mark' in the pavé, that the side-walk invariably followed the lifted foot; and that when we essayed to set its fellow down, the pavement receded in such a terrific manner that the sole encountered it with a good deal more of emphasis than discretion. We recollect, too, that the key-hole of our bachelor's-apartment was found to have been stolen on that memorable evening, rendering our key nugatory, adscititious, of no account, and so forth; and that when, by the aid of a fellow-lodger, we had achieved our room and bed, we found the latter emphatically a 'sick' one, and at times during the night in a very 'sinking condition;' so much so indeed, that at one period we began to 'despair of its *recovery*.' But that one abuse of Nature, (who always revenges herself, and at once, upon her assailants,) taught us a lesson which we have never forgotten, and never shall, 'unto thylike day i' the which we crepe into our sepulchre.' For the rest, we certainly *do* affect an occasional glass of *good* wine at a cheerful board, with congenial guests; such wine as we are informed, on the *best* authority, 'maketh glad the heart of man;' such as Saint PAUL recommended to his brethren 'for their stomach's sake;' a wine, in short, which 'creates a spiritual vineyard in the heart,' and 'dispenses one's affections among his fellow men.'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

## LETTER FOURTH.

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, FLORENCE.

BY THE HANDS OF SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ., LONDON.

On the rough Bracco's top, at break of day,  
 High o'er that gulf which bounds the Genoese,  
 Since thou and I pursued our mountain way,  
 Twenty Decembers have disrobed the trees.

Rome lay before us, hid beyond the peaks  
 Which rose afar, our longing eyes to guide;  
 The wave was one whose name a history speaks,  
 The Tyrrhene sea—the pure blue Tuscan tide.

So many summers, in their gay return,  
 Have found my pilgrimage still incomplete,  
 Doomed as I seem, Ulysses-like, to earn  
 My little knowledge by much toil of feet.

Charmed by the glowing earth and golden sky,  
 In Arno's vale you made yourself a nest;  
 There perched in peace and bookish ease, while I  
 Still journeyed on, and found no place of rest.

And here I am in this prosaic land,  
 This new Hesperia, less be-rhymed than thine,  
 Here try the skill of my neglected hand  
 To catch the favors of the chary Nine.

And here, amid remembrances that throng  
 Thicker than blossoms in the new-born June,  
 Thine chiefly claims the witness of a song  
 That still at least my heart remains in tune.

You will not fail to pardon as you break  
The blushing seal that bears the well-known crest ;  
And every line, however rude, shall wake  
Kind thoughts of him who wanders in the West.

But never hope (with so refined a sense  
Of what is well conceived and ably wrought,)  
To find my verse retain its old pretence  
To the smooth utterance of an easy thought.

For who can sing amid this roar of streets,  
This crash of engines and discordant mills ?  
Where, ev'n in Solitude's most hushed retreats,  
Machinery drowns the music of the rills ?

True, Nature here hath donned her gala robe,  
Drest in all charms — wild, savage, and sublime ;  
Within one realm enfolding half the globe,  
Flowers of all soils, and fruits of every clime.

Yet nothing here conveys the musing mind  
Beyond the landmarks of the present hour,  
Since every impulse is of sordid kind,  
Among this race, that moves the Fancy's power.

No mighty bard, with consecrating touch,  
Hath made the scene a nobler mood inspire ;  
The sullen Puritan, the sensual Dutch,  
Proved but a barren fosterage for the lyre.

Beauty should speak : however fair the shore,  
With balmy groves which all the coast perfume,  
Until his eloquence the minstrel pour  
Over the landscape, vainly must it bloom.

E'en thy dear Italy, whose ashes now,  
Albeit feebly, warm our Saxon strains,  
Was once, ere yet her vallies felt the plough,  
Fameless and voiceless as Iowa's plains.

Imagine old Enotria as she stood  
In Saturn's reign, before the stranger came ;  
Ere yet the stillness of the trackless wood  
Had heard the echoes of a Trojan's name.

Young Latium then, as now Missouri's waste,  
Was dumb in story, soulless and unsung :  
Whatever deeds her savage annals graced  
Died soon, as lacking some harmonious tongue.

Up her dark streams the first explorers found  
Only one dim, interminable shade ;  
Cliffs with the growth of awful ages crowned,  
Amid whose gloom the wolf and wild-boar preyed.

Afar, perchance, on some sky-piercing height,  
Nigh the last limit of the eagle's road,  
Some stray Pelasgians had assumed a site  
To pitch their proud, impregnable abode.

Pent in their airy dens, the builders reared  
Turrets, fanes, altars fed with daily flame ;  
But with their walls their memory disappeared :  
Their meanest implements outlive their name.

What race of giants piled yon rocks so high ?  
Who cut those hidden channels for the rills ?  
Drained the deep lake, and sucked the marshes dry,  
Or hollowed into sepulchres the hills ?

These, in the time of Romulus, were old ;  
Even then as now conjecture could but err ;  
In prose or verse no chronicler hath told  
Whence the tribes came, and who their heroes were.

A few rough sculptures and funereal urns,  
Which still are mocked by unimproving Art,  
Perplex the mind till tired reflection turns  
To the great people dearer to her heart.

Soon as they rose — the Capitolian lords —  
The land grew sacred and beloved of God ;  
Where'er they brandished their triumphant swords  
Glory sprang forth and sanctified the sod.

Ev'n yet their tombs, though dateless and decayed,  
Allure the northern pilgrim from afar ;  
Still Contemplation's orisons are paid  
Where any fragments of their trophies are.

Nay, whether wandering by the swollen Rhone,  
Or by the Thames, we mark the Cæsar's tracks,  
Wondering how far, from their Tarpeian frown,  
The ambitious eagles bore the prætor's axe ;

Those toga'd kings, the fathers and the knights,  
Are still our masters, and within us reign ;  
Born though we were by Alleghany's heights,  
Beyond the desolation of the main.

For while the music of their language lasts,  
They shall not perish like the painted men  
(Brief-lived in memory as the winter's blasts)  
Who here once held the hill-top and the glen.

These had their passions, had their virtues, too ;  
Were valiant, proud, indomitably free ;  
But who recalls them with delight, or who  
Their coarse mementos with esteem can see ?

From them and their's with cold regard we turn,  
The wreck of polished nations to survey,  
Nor care the savage attributes to learn  
Of souls that struggled with barbarian clay.

With what emotion on a coin we trace  
Vespasian's brow, or Trajan's chastened smile,  
But view with heedless eye the murderous mace  
And chequered lance of Zealand's warrior-isle.

Here, by the ploughman, as with daily tread  
He tracks the furrows of his fertile ground,  
Dark locks of hair, and thigh-bones of the dead,  
Spear-heads, and skulls, and arrows oft are found.

On such memorials unconcerned we gaze ;  
No trace remaining of the glow divine,  
Wherewith, dear WALTER ! in our Eton days  
We eyed a fragment from the Palatine.

How rich to us th' Imperial City seemed,  
 Whose meanest relic vied with any gem!  
 The costly stones on kingly crowns that gleamed  
 Possessed small beauty, if compared with them.

Cellini's workmanship could nothing add,  
 Nor the Pope's blessing, nor a case of gold,  
 To the strange value every pebble had  
 O'er which perchance the Tiber's wave had rolled.

It fired us then to trace upon the map  
 The forum's line, the Pincian garden's paths;  
 Ay, or to finger but a stucco scrap  
 Or marble shred from Caracalia's baths.

A like enchantment all thy land pervades,  
 Mellows the sunshine, softens autumn's breeze;  
 O'erhangs the mouldering town and chestnut shades,  
 And glows and sparkles in the golden seas.

No such a spell the charm'd adventurer guides  
 Who seeks those ruins hid in Yucatan,  
 Where through the tropic forest silent glides,  
 By crumbled fane and idol, slow Copan.

There, as the weedy pyramid he climbs,  
 Or notes, mid groves that rankly wave above,  
 The work of nameless hands in unknown times,  
 Much wakes his wonder—nothing stirs his love.

Art's rude beginnings, wheresoever found,  
 The same dull chord of feeling faintly strike;  
 The Druid's pillar, and the Indian mound,  
 And Uxmal's monuments, are mute alike.

Nor here, although the gorgeous year hath brought  
 Crimson October's beautiful decay,  
 Can all this loveliness inspire a thought  
 Beyond the marvels of the fleeting day.

For here the Present overpowers the Past;  
 No recollections to these woods belong,  
 (O'er which no minstrelsy its veil hath cast)  
 To rouse our worship, or supply my song.

But this will come; the necromancer Age  
 Shall round the wilderness his glory throw;  
 Hudson shall murmur through the poet's page,  
 And in his numbers more superbly flow.

Ev'n now perhaps, the destined soul is born,  
 Warm with high hope, though dumbly pent within,  
 To shield his country from the common scorn,  
 That never duly hymned her praise hath been.

Enough—'t is more than midnight by the clock;  
 Manhattan dreams of dollars, all abed:  
 With you, dear WALTER, 't is the crow of cock,  
 And o'er Fièsole the skies are red.

Good night! yet stay—both longitudes to suit,  
 At once the absent and returning light,  
 Thus let me bid our mutual salute;  
 To you *Buon giorno*—to myself Good night!

T. W. P.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

ANNALS AND OCCURRENCES OF NEW-YORK CITY AND STATE IN THE OLDEN TIME. By JOHN F. WATSON, Esq. NEW-YORK: BAKER AND CRANE.

HERE is a new work touching the KNICKERBOCKERS, which *we* are especially bound to notice; and this we do with the more satisfaction, that we can heartily commend it to the notice of our readers, or what is the same thing, to 'the public at large.' We perceive by a few pages of the work which have been laid before us, that this is an enlargement of a former edition, favorably known to the reading public, entitled '*Historic Tales of Olden Time concerning New-York.*' It now notices the rise and progress of the inland country and towns, relates much concerning the pioneer settlers, and details the hostilities and ravages of their Indian neighbors. It is in fact a complete history of a buried age; and brings up to the imagination, for its contemplation and entertainment, a picture of 'things as they were in the days of rustic simplicity, so wholly unlike the present display of fashion, pomp, and splendor.' It is easy to perceive that Mr. WATSON gathers facts and writes *con amore*; not for profit, in this book-making age, but because he feels and sees our wonderfully rapid advancement from small things to great. 'I have written,' he says, 'for New-York and State; not for money, but for patriotism. I felt it due to the country, to tell its tale of wonder; and due to God, for His gracious and signal providence, in so settling and prospering our Anglo-Saxon race, in this new field of His exercise.' To quote the warm language of one of our contemporaries: 'This is in truth a work without example for its imitation; and with equal truth, it is in execution a work *sui generis*. It is a museum that will never cease to attract. Its annals and statistics will have snatched from oblivion valuable reminiscences of the early youth of our country; and will furnish the historian, biographer, and the patriotic orator with matter to adorn and beautify their productions. He deserves the gratitude of his country, and the patronage of the reading community. Wherefore, no American that can read and can afford to purchase, should be without a copy of this valuable contribution to the memoirs of early American history.' We venture to predict that the aged will be delighted to be thus reminded of things which they have heard of, or perhaps witnessed; and the young will be surprised to find such a lively picture of the doings of their forefathers. Among the many subjects considered, are the first settlements and primitive incidents connected with New-York, Albany, Schenectady, Rochester, Brooklyn, etc.; notices of the early Dutch times; manners and customs; dress, furniture, and equipage; local changes; ancient memorials, and curious facts. Much is said of the Indians; of the local incidents connected with the revolutionary war; of ancient edifices and buildings; in short, of every thing calculated to bring back scenes and occurrences of by-gone times. These matters too are related in a style peculiar to the author; they are matters moreover only to have been perceived and scanned by a mind so constituted as his own. The work is undertaken by Messrs. BAKER AND CRANE, a young and enterprising metro-



politan house, and will be completed in one octavo volume of about five hundred pages; illustrated with thirty new pictorial embellishments; and furnished to subscribers at the low rate of two dollars per copy, payable on delivery. Among the engravings, which are to be executed in the best manner on wood, will be two views of New-York City; one of New-Amsterdam in 1659, one of New-Orange in 1673; a map of the city, as it appeared in 1729; pictures of the old Federal Hall, in 1759; the Walton and Provost Houses; Trinity church, now numbered in the catalogue of things that have been; the Merchants' Exchange, destroyed by the 'great fire' of '35; beside numerous other edifices, of interest to the antiquary; and also views of HUDSON'S arrival at Sandy-Hook; the Erie Canal, Niagara Falls, the Conflagration of Schenectady, etc., etc.; and 'last, though not least,' a *fac simile* of the head and signature of the good old governor, renowned in KNICKERBOCKER'S annals as 'PETER the Headstrong,' or 'HARD-KOPPING PIET.' 'Finally, brethren,' let every KNICKERBOCKER who feels an affectionate attachment to the home of *his* fathers, or veneration for the memory of *their* fathers, secure at once for himself a knowledge of all manner of curious things inseparable from our history, from one who has been called 'the HOMER of his class, and in archeology, peerless.' Subscription-lists are open at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER, at the store of the publishers, number 158 Pearl-street, and at the rooms of the Mercantile Library Association.

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LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK. By L. MARIA CHILD, Author of 'The Mother's own Book,' 'The Girl's Book,' etc. In one volume. pp. 276. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY. Boston: JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY.

In the dedication of this volume, the writer alludes to its being 'deeply tinged with romance and mysticism;' but to our conception, its pages exhibit a far greater amount of *truth*, undeniable, and of deep import to society at large, and to our own metropolitan community especially. Here is a woman who knows 'how to observe;' and we cannot do a better service to thousands in our city, who walk its streets and thoroughfares, and visit the hundred-and-one places of resort in its vicinity, without appreciating or enjoying the objects of interest or instruction by which they are surrounded, than to call their attention to the records of the volume under notice. And having done this, we shall proceed to illustrate the reason for the faith that is in us that they will thank us for this recommendation, by presenting a few desultory extracts. Let us commence them with a remarkable case of instinctive knowledge in birds, related by the writer's grandfather, who saw the fact with his own eyes:

'He was attracted to the door, one summer day, by a troubled twittering, indicating distress and terror. A bird, who had built her nest in a tree near the door, was flying back and forth with the utmost speed, uttering wailing cries as she went. He was at first at a loss to account for her strange movements; but they were soon explained by the sight of a snake slowly winding up the tree. Animal magnetism was then unheard of; and whosoever had dared to mention it, would doubtless have been hung on Witch's Hill, without benefit of clergy. Nevertheless, marvellous and altogether unaccountable stories had been told of the snake's power to charm birds. The popular belief was, that the serpent charmed the bird by looking steadily at it; and that such a sympathy was thereby established, that if the snake were struck, the bird felt the blow, and writhed under it.

'These traditions excited my grandfather's curiosity to watch the progress of things; but, being a humane man, he resolved to kill the snake before he had a chance to despoil the nest. The distressed mother meanwhile continued her rapid movements and troubled cries; and he soon discovered that she went and came continually, with something in her bill, from one particular tree—a white ash. The snake wound his way up; but the instant his head came near the nest, his folds relaxed, and he fell to the ground, rigid and apparently lifeless. My grandfather made sure of his death by cutting off his head, and then mounted the tree to examine into the mystery. The snug little nest was filled with eggs, and covered with leaves of the white-ash! That little bird knew, if my readers do not, that contact with the white-ash is deadly to a snake. This is no idle superstition, but a veritable fact in natural history. The Indians are aware of it, and twist garlands of white-ash leaves about their ankles, as a protection against rattlesnakes. Slaves often take the same precaution when they travel through swamps and forests, guided by the north star; or to the cabin of some poor white man, who teaches them to read and write by the light of pine splinters, and receives his pay in 'massa's' corn or tobacco.

'I have never heard any explanation of the effect produced by the white-ash; but I know that

settlers in the wilderness like to have these trees round their log houses, being convinced that no snake will voluntarily come near them. When touched with the boughs, they are said to grow suddenly rigid, with strong convulsions; after a while they slowly recover, but seem sickly for some time.

Here is a charming sketch of an actual occurrence, which goes far to confirm the writer's impression 'that instinct is founded on traditions handed down among animals from generation to generation, and is therefore a matter of education.'

'Two barn-swallows came into our wood-shed in the spring time. Their busy, earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect that they were looking out a building-spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and frequent hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope that they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam, over the open door-way. I was delighted, and spent more time watching them than 'penny-wise' people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother-bird was so busy, and so important; and her mate was so attentive! Never did any newly-married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely-arranged drawer of baby-clothes, than these did in fashioning their little woven cradle. The father-bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love. Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or a hair, to be woven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gush of gladness sound! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart, till it was almost too big for his little bosom. The whole transaction was the prettiest piece of fond coquetry, on both sides, that it was ever my good luck to witness.

'It was evident that the father-bird had formed correct opinions on 'the woman question;' for during the process of incubation he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day would he, with coaxing twitterings, persuade his patient mate to fly abroad for food; and the moment she left the eggs, he would take the maternal station, and give a loud alarm whenever cat or dog came about the premises. He certainly performed the office with far less ease and grace than she did; it was something in the style of an old bachelor tending a babe; but nevertheless it showed that his heart was kind, and his principles correct, concerning division of labor. When the young ones came forth, he pursued the same equalizing policy, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family. But when they became old enough to fly, the veriest misanthrope would have laughed to watch their manœuvres! Such chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledgelings that there was no need of falling!

'For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying-school. But all their talking and fuss were of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk back into the nest again. At length the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled with a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and chatted away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold.

'The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped up on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings; and then hopped back again, saying, 'It's pretty sport, but we can't do it!' Three times the neighbors came in and repeated their graceful lessons. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped, till they alighted on a small upright log. And oh! such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying round, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe-handle, and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind; and two were swinging, in most graceful style, on a pendant hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget that swallow-party! I have frolicked with blessed Nature much and often; but this, above all her gambols, spoke into my inmost heart, like the glad voices of little children. That beautiful family continued to be our playmates until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. For some time, the little ones came home regularly to their nest at night. I was ever on the watch to welcome them, and count that none were missing. A sculptor might have taken a lesson in his art from those little creatures, perched so gracefully on the edge of their clay-built cradle, fast asleep, with heads hidden under their folded wings. Their familiarity was wonderful. If I hung my gown on a nail, I found a little swallow perched on the sleeve. If I took a nap in the afternoon, my waking eyes were greeted by a swallow on the bed-post; in the summer twilight they flew about the sitting-room in search of flies, and sometimes lighted on chairs and tables. I almost thought they knew how much I loved them. But at last they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbors. It was a deep pain to me, that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me.'

Mrs. CHILD has a remarkable power of *adaptation* in her style. Her similes are often exceedingly forcible and felicitous. Observe the admirable comparison which closes the ensuing passage, descriptive of the services at the Synagogue of the Jews, on the Festival of the New-Year:

'WHILE they were chanting an earnest prayer for the coming of the Promised One, who was to

restore the scattered tribes, I turned over the leaves, and by a singular coincidence my eye rested on these words: 'Abraham said, See ye not the splendored light now shining on Mount Moriah? And they answered, *Nothing but caverns do we see.*' I thought of Jesus, and the whole pageant became more spectral than ever; so strangely vague and shadowy, that I felt as if under the influence of magic. The significant sentence reminded me of a German friend, who shared his sleeping apartment with another gentleman, and both were in the habit of waking very early in the morning. One night, his companion rose much earlier than he intended; and perceiving his mistake, placed a lighted lamp in the chimney corner, that its glare might not disturb the sleeper, leaned his back against the fire-place, and began to read. Sometime after, the German rose, left him reading, and walked forth into the morning twilight. When he returned, the sun was shining high up in the heavens; but his companion, unconscious of the change, was still reading by lamp-light in the chimney corner. And this the Jews are now doing, as well as a very large proportion of Christians.'

And in this allusion to the tyranny of public opinion, there is an important truth very adroitly enforced by an apposite anecdote, timely remembered:

'Few men ask concerning right and wrong of their *own* hearts. Few listen to the oracle *within*, which can only be heard in the stillness. The merchant seeks his moral standard on 'change—a fitting name for a thing so fluctuating; the sectary in the opinion of his small theological department; the politician in the tumultuous echo of his party; the worldling in the buzz of saloons. In a word, each man inquires of *his* public; what wonder, then, that the answers are selfish as trading interest, blind as local prejudice, and various as human whim? A German drawing-master once told me of a lad who wished to sketch landscapes from nature. The teacher told him that the first object was to choose some *fixed point of view*. The sagacious pupil chose a cow grazing beneath the trees. Of course, his *fixed point* soon began to move hither and thither, as she was attracted by the sweetness of the pasturage; and the lines of his drawing fell into strange confusion. This is a correct type of those who choose public opinion for their moral fixed point of view. It moves according to the provender before it, and they who trust to it have but a whirling and distorted landscape. Coleridge defines public opinion as 'the average prejudices of the community.' Wo unto those who have no safer guide of principle and practice than this 'average of prejudices!''

Doubtless a vast number of persons as fervently desire the time when 'wars shall cease from under the whole heaven,' as our author. Like herself, thousands feel that

'Too long at clash of arms amid her bowers,  
And pools of blood, the earth has stood agast:'

but she will find few who will carry the prejudice which a hatred of war has created in her bosom so far as she has done. On visiting what was once the grave of ANDRE, she is shown by the guide the head-quarters of General WASHINGTON: 'I turned my back suddenly upon it. The last place on earth where I would wish to think of WASHINGTON is at the grave of ANDRE.' And she adds, that she never could look upon ANDRE's execution 'as other than a *cool, deliberate murder!*' The stern necessity which impelled the FATHER of HIS COUNTRY to this act, at which his great heart, throbbing with the cares of an infant empire, melted in pity, is termed 'a selfish jealousy, dignified with the name of patriotism!' All this, however, is creditable to the *woman's-heart* of our author; as is her wish, and the 'strong faith' of which it is the father, that the time is not distant when 'all *prisons* will cease from the face of the earth.' Human nature, howbeit, must undergo an important change before such an event can take place; and a long time must elapse before WASHINGTON's memory can receive any injury from attacks upon it like the one above cited. We are getting, however, to the end of our tether, in the 'short commons' left for us in this department; but after the written and 'illustrated' praise which we have awarded to the volume before us, we are compelled, in candor, to add a word or two of censure. Now and then, it must be admitted, our author is slightly vague and *bizarre*, as if to make good the declaration in her dedication; and she can be, moreover, on occasion, a little mawkish; as in the instance where, after the sentiment has been satisfied, she pumps up a feeling, and 'drags in by ear and horn' a struggling sentence touching two doves in the room that once was ANDRE's; their 'mated human hearts,' and so forth. These and one or two kindred simulations, or ultra-sentimentalities, are not *intellectually* feminine, and must be set down as defects in the generally natural and fresh style of our gifted author, whose clever volume we are glad of an opportunity warmly to commend to public acceptance. Some readers may find it matters to condemn, perhaps, but all will encounter much that is deserving of cordial praise.

DEATH: OR MEDORUS' DREAM. By the Author of 'Ahasuerus.' In one volume. pp. 66. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE deem it a substantial tribute to the merits of the poem before us, that it has elicited the cordial commendations of two daily journals of authority in our midst; the antipodal editors of which, (one of them the first of American poets,) in awarding their meed of praise, candidly confessed that the production was more likely to be judged by a political standard at the seat of government, than by any critical measure, based upon an impartial consideration of its literary qualities. For ourselves, we must say that we have perused the poem with a pleasure not a little enhanced by the reflection, that the author has been enabled to find leisure, amidst engagements which, if one may believe the partizan journals, must needs be numerous and pressing, to pay that attention to literary pursuits, which by so many politicians, and utilitarians of another class, are considered 'useless, if not belittling, to a man of mental calibre sufficient for any thing more manly than verse-making.' Indeed, this position we remember somewhere to have seen assumed and defended, in the words we have quoted. The opening of 'Medorus' Dream,' the fine lines on 'Death,' have already appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, from the manuscript of the author. They will be remembered not only by the readers of this Magazine, but also by those of very many journals throughout the Union, into which they were copied, with expressions of warm admiration. In selecting, therefore, a few extracts, in corroboration of the justice of our encomiums, we shall plunge at once *in medias res* into the volume before us; leaving our readers to judge whether the writer does not exhibit a hearty love and keen observation of Nature, in her various phases; a strong sense of the beautiful and the true; and an ease and smoothness of versification, which go far to controvert the theory that, for certain reasons, (among which 'a restless ambition' has been cited as the chief,) 'there can be little poetry in high places.' Take, for example, the annexed brief but comprehensive glance at the four seasons:

SPRING laughing comes to bless the verdant land.  
Sweet breezes kiss the glowing curls that lie  
Upon her blooming cheek; a lambent fire  
Plays from her radiant eyes; 'neath her light step  
Daisies and cowslips grow. Upon the bud  
She breathes, and quick the rose unfolds  
Its tinted leaves, and, trembling with keen bliss,  
Sips the pure morning dews, and soft exhales  
A gentle odor through the garden's walks,  
More sweet than beauty's breath. Hark to those  
sounds!  
The warbling notes that rise upon the gale  
Steal o'er the soul like voices of pure prayer,  
Or dream of Eden's joys. O'er all the earth  
Warm sunshine streams, whose fructifying rays  
Strike through the fibrous soil, and quicken there  
A thousand lovely forms; these straightway start  
From that deep sleep which heaven so kindly  
sends  
Through winter's rugged hour, while soon they  
join  
The happy circle of all beauteous things,  
That fill the world with perfume and with song,  
Hailing their bounteous mistress, virgin Spring!

Mark SUMMER, sitting 'neath yon spreading palm,  
Her shady throne. With matron dignity  
She gazes round, and smiles in quiet pride  
While counting o'er the glorious wealth that fills  
Her wide domain. Now wave the growing fields  
Beneath the rippling winds and the warm sun;  
Now the soft pulp of the distending fruits  
Imbibes rich nectar from the glowing beams  
Of the calm, golden day. Now Hope sits laughing  
In a world of light, and Promise near  
Weaves the bright numbers of a joyous lay,  
With Plenty still the burden of his theme.

Next AUTUMN comes, the sweet industrious maid,  
Who garners up the treasures of past days,  
Brown nuts, and yellow grain, and ripen'd stores  
Of mellow'd fruits; yet still a pensive smile,  
As soft as moonlight on some slumbering stream,  
Throws o'er her face a melancholy shade  
Of sober thought, as though her heart was sad  
That the large harvests which her sickle wins  
Should leave the earth so bare. And then she sings  
A plaintive strain that echoes through the land,  
Like the wild cooings of some soft-toned dove,  
A note of resignation and of peace,  
Though still a sound of sadness from the soul.

Lo! WINTER rushes from the land of storms:  
From the cold Arctic regions, where he sat  
'Mong clouds and darkness, and vast misshapen  
forms,  
He comes, with frosts, and howling winds, and  
hail,  
And the dark terrors of a sunless sky.  
Unshorn his ragged beard, and his fierce eyes,  
Relentless as the murderer's stony heart,  
Condemns the victim, while his icy breath,  
More deadly than the lightning's fiery gleam,  
Sweeps life into oblivion. Spirit, no;  
Man's finite faculties alone may see  
Such evil in God's goodness: we behold  
A crowning mercy of beneficence  
In Winter's coldest blast: Could earth exist  
Without that change in matter and in form  
By which her strength recuperates, and lends  
An impulse unto Nature's fostering will?  
The pulpy fruit would perish where it falls  
But for the bitter kernel; flowers would fade,  
No more mid sweet ambrosial dews to bloom,  
But for the winter's torpid touch, that crasis

The leathery seed with its rough coating o'er,  
Freezes its ardent currents ere they spring  
Into ephemeral being, and thus yields

Unto a small and leaden speck, a power  
Of life perpetual, and from dull clay  
Maintains a breathing world.'

'A ducat to a beggarly denier' that we saw the same ocean, glowing under the same glorious summer-evening light, as is described in the lines which ensue. We have never compared notes with our author; but it seems impossible that the kindred scene in which we revelled on a memorable occasion at the Telegraph station, by the Narrows, should not have extended to Fire-Island; the *locale*, we cannot help inferring, of this picture:

Ort hath the man who loveth Nature's ways,  
Musing, gone forth alone by Ocean's tide,  
And, gazing on that amaranthine plain,  
Hath mark'd the rich beams of descending day  
Shoot slanting o'er the light and feathery waves,  
Until the sea, by burning passion moved,  
Through all its depths, turns into liquid gold,  
And heaves and thrills beneath those ardent rays,  
With love too strong for mortal minds to know,  
With love too deep for mortal hearts to feel.  
Then, from that glorious main, his soul-lit eye  
Hath wander'd strait to heaven, and in one view

The pearl, and flame, and amethyst, and gold,  
The shadowy vermeil flush, the purple light,  
The amber-tinted streak, and banner'd clouds,  
Like incense streaming up from Evening's shrine,  
Wafted by gentle gales along the sky,  
The beauty, brightness, majesty, and pomp,  
The gorgeous splendor of the imperial West,  
Burst on his raptur'd sight! He, happy then,  
While Faucy's spirit-form smiles o'er his head,  
Deems it the lovely sky that canopies  
The land of Paradise.

Here is a wider reach of more varied scenery, yet not less forcible than the more 'thin compositions,' to use the painter's phrase:

First, as they look'd, there rose upon the sight  
Long, waving chains of happy-smiling hills,  
Uprising gently from the sloping vales,  
As if to woo the rustling noontide winds:  
Next, wide-expansive, music-making seas,  
Across whose placid, soft-suspiring tides  
The playful breezes fly, on tireless wings.  
Then, 'neath their wond'ring eyes at once dis-  
play'd,  
Behold, in one far-sweeping, lovely view,  
The broad green vesture of the quick'ning sod  
Trembling with heat, and glowing into life  
Under the warm sun's vivifying beams:

The Desert's thirsty plains gemm'd with their  
green  
And cool oases, bright mid barren sands;  
Rivers whose pearly tides stretch'd far away  
Through fertile lands to Ocean's emerald brink;  
And lakes that seem'd, in their transparent depths,  
The crystal eyes of Earth. Here mountains, hills,  
And winding dales, fair seas, and shining lakes,  
And silvery streams, gay-blooming boughs, and  
flowery turf,  
Conspire, in all their loveliest power, to make  
The warm, the fresh, the pure, and beautiful form  
Of this enamell'd world.'

Lovers of flowers; gentle maidens, scarcely less fragile and fair; and ye of the 'sterner sex,' who are not ashamed to praise heaven and earth; we ask you if the ensuing lines are not 'beautiful exceedingly':

The red Rose, blushing in its virgin pride,  
Hangs lightly on its green and briery stalk,  
And kisses from its pale-cheek'd sister's brow,  
With trembling lip, the pearly tear away.

Here Violets, that spring by stealth at night,  
Of rarer scents and sweeter shapes than those  
Pluck'd by the village maiden in the vale,

Ere yet the sun hath touch'd their dewy leaves,  
Mingle their balmy odors and their hues  
With the soft-nectar'd sighs  
Of wind-flowers, pansies, hyacinths, oxlips,  
And sun-striped tulips tall,  
Until the freighted airs themselves grow faint,  
And on their weary way sink down to sleep  
Among the silent wild-flowers watching there.

We have purposely abstained from a detailed review or analysis of the poem under notice; preferring that the reader should derive his impression of the performance from such portions of it, taken almost at random, as we could command space to present; leaving him to seek in the volume itself that gratification of which we are sure our extracts will give him a foretaste. It was our intention to have animadverted upon the use of certain words and compounds which struck us as being infelicitous; but we can only transcribe a few of them, without comment, from our pencilled copy: 'ЖЕНОУАН's fadeless arms'; 'frost-enmirror'd'; 'sun-bedazzled'; 'ornamentless curves'; 'rich-rubied rays,' etc. 'To conclude:' we consider the present poem a manifest improvement upon 'Ahasuerus,' which was noticed at length in these pages. The author is now 'well in harness,' and moves on without incumbrance. Once more we welcome him to the quiet walks of literature, which he treads so pleasantly; and again we greet him with '*Macte virtute!*'

EXERCISES OF THE ALUMNÆ OF THE ALBANY FEMALE ACADEMY, on their Second Anniversary, July 20, 1843. Albany: C. VAN BENTHUYSEN AND COMPANY.

Ah! young ladies! we wish you could 'realize' how greatly gratified we are to find you so much improved! We say 'improved,' because it can scarcely be possible that you could have written such charming compositions, before you had experienced the benefits of the system of instruction pursued at the institution upon which you reflect so much honor. We say this in no vain spirit of compliment, but in all candor. The address of the President, Miss M. ROBINSON, of this city, is not only excellent in its inculcations and tendency, but is written with great perspicuity and freedom. The prize poem by Miss ELIZA WHITNEY of Philadelphia, has many of the elements of true poetry, while its trifling defects are merely mechanical. The committee who awarded the prize, one of whom we observe was Mrs. SIGOURNEY, seem to have hesitated in their choice between this and three or four other poems of kindred excellence. 'MARY GRAFTON' need not have sheltered herself under a *pseudonyme*. Her essay on 'What should be the intellectual education of Woman, to fit her for the duties of life,' is worthy of a strong and disciplined mind and a practised pen. The honor of the best essay in French was assigned to Miss M'CORMICK of Oswego, in this State; yet the committee selected it in preference to three others, only 'because they were forced to choose;' a fact which precludes the idea of 'rejection.' The capital tale entitled 'Home Education,' by Miss MARY E. FIELD, of Haddam, (Conn.,) must certainly have deserved the honor which it won among its rivals. We have rarely seen a story, the lessons of which were so valuable, in a national point of view, kept up with so much spirit, and eliciting so much interest, in the narrative. On the whole, so favorably are we impressed with these 'exercises' of the alumne of the Albany Female Academy, that we begin to peer into the 'onward distance,' and to see our own little people winning honors in that popular institution. 'So mote it be!'

THE CROWNING HOUR, AND OTHER POEMS. BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON, Author of 'The Poet's Quest,' etc. With a Portrait of the Author. In one volume. pp. 132. New-York: EDWARD DUNIGAN.

THIS is entitled a neat little volume which we find on our table. Without being a 'great gun' in literature, or destined to make much noise in the world, Mr. CANNON is yet a clever versifier, and occasionally 'goes off' with good thoughts very agreeably; while 'the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds him' is quite apparent in his compositions. The 'crowning hour' is the period when COLUMBUS first discovers land from the quarter deck of his vessel. Certain incidents of the voyage, and the emotions of the 'world-seeking Genoese,' form the staple of the main poem; but the prose of IRVING is far better poetry than the verse which here records them. The remainder of the volume is devoted to the republication of several minor effusions from certain periodicals of these times, and from a previous volume of the author. The 'Dogberryotype' portrait of Mr. CANNON, in the opening of his book, strikes us as being in bad taste. We are loath to interfere with such an exhibition of harmless vanity; but the picture being what is negatively termed 'no beauty,' we must adopt the advice of HOLMES to the plain gentleman whose portrait graced the Athenæum exhibition: 'Do n't let it be there any longer! Take it home, and hush the matter up!' It is but justice to add, however, that the portrait which fronts the volume under notice does not do justice to the features of its author. Engravings from Daguerreotype miniatures have never impressed us favorably, either as faithful likenesses, or specimens of pictorial art.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.'—A 'friend and fellow-citizen' of ours has translated, so far as published, a serial novel, just now making a great noise in the literary circles of the French capital, entitled '*Les Mysteries de Paris*,' by EUGENE SUE. Premising that our readers will soon have an opportunity of perusing in an English translation some of the most striking of the very remarkable sketches of this DICKENS of France, we shall content ourselves for the present with a single extract, embodying a simple, but as it strikes us, a very touching and impressive scene. The RODOLPHE of the passage before us is a German prince, who has come to Paris, and who goes forth in disguise to seek out worthy objects of benevolence. He encounters in '*La Cité*,' a quarter of the town occupied by the most abandoned classes, a girl of a beautiful, melancholy countenance, called in the peculiar language of the inhabitants, '*La Goualeuse*,' or '*Fleur-de-Marie*,' who turns out, in the subsequent progress of the story, to be a child of his own, whom he supposed to be dead, but who had in fact been left in the streets by her nurses. He proposes to take her into the country with him; and the effect which rural objects produce upon her mind is very beautifully described in the little episode of 'The Rose-bush,' which will be found in the opening of the story. The whole tale forcibly illustrates what a French metropolitan contemporary terms the '*inépuisable* imagination' of EUGENE SUE:

'I BELIEVE you, and I thank you; but answer me frankly: is it equally agreeable what part of the country we go to?'

'Oh, it is all the same to me, Monsieur Rodolphe, as long as it is the country; it is so pleasant; the pure air is so good to breathe! Do you know that for five months I have been no farther than the flower market, and if the ogresse ever allowed me to go out of the Cité, it was because she had confidence in me?'

'And when you came to this market, was it to buy flowers?'

'Oh, no: I had no money; I only came to see them; to inhale their rich perfume. For the half hour that the ogresse allowed me to pass on the quai during market-days, I was so happy that I forgot all.'

'And when you returned to the ogresse—to those horrid streets?'

'I came back more sorrowful than when I set out. I choked down my tears, that I might not receive a beating. I tell you what it was at the market which made me envious, oh! *very* envious; it was to see the little '*ouvrières*,' so neatly clad, going off so gaily with a fine pot of flowers in their arms!'

'I am sure if you had only had some flowers in your window, they would have been companions for you.'

'It is very true what you say, Monsieur Rodolphe. Imagine: one day the ogresse at her fête, knowing my love for flowers, gave me a little rose-bush. If you could only know how happy I was! I was no longer lonesome! I could not keep from looking at my rose-bush. I amused myself in counting its leaves, its flowers. . . . But the air is so bad in La Cité that at the end of two days it began to fade. . . . But you'll laugh at me, Monsieur Rodolphe?'

'No, no! Go on! go on!'



'Well then, I asked permission from the ogresse to take my bush out for an airing; yes, as I would have taken out a child. I brought it to the quai: I thought to myself, that being in company with other flowers, in this fine and balmy air, would do it good. I moistened its poor withered leaves with the pure water of the fountain, and then I warmed it awhile in the sun. Dear little rose-tree! it never saw the sun in La Cité for in our street it comes no lower than the roof. At length I returned; and I assure you, Monsieur Rodolphe, that my rose-bush lived perhaps ten days longer than it would have done without the airings.'

'I believe it; but when it died!—that must have been a great loss for you.'

'I wept for it; I was very sorry. . . . Beside, Monsieur Rodolphe, since you understand how one can love flowers, I can tell it to you. Well, I felt *grateful* to it. Ah! now *this* time you are laughing at me!'

'No, no! I love, I adore flowers; and thus I can comprehend all the foolish things they cause one to commit, or which they inspire.'

'Eh bien! I felt grateful to this poor rose-bush, for having flowered so prettily for me — such a one as me!' The goualeuse held down her head and became purple with shame.

'Poor child! with this consciousness of your horrible position, you must have often . . .'

'Had a wish to put an end to it? Is it not so, Monsieur Rodolphe?' said la Goualeuse, interrupting her companion. 'Oh! yes; more than once I have looked at the Seine from the parapet. But then I turned to the flowers, the sun, and I said to myself, 'The river will always be there . . . I am only sixteen . . . who knows?'

'When you said, 'Who knows?' you had a hope?'

'Yes.'

'And what did you hope for?'

'I do not know. I hoped—yes, I hoped, *malgré moi*. At those moments, it seemed to me that my fate was not merited; that there was some good left in me. I said to myself, 'I have been very much troubled, but at least, I have never harmed any one . . . if I had only had some one to counsel me, I should not be where I am. That dissipated my sorrow a little. After all, I must confess that these thoughts occurred oftener after the loss of my rose-bush,' added la Goualeuse, in a solemn manner, which made Rodolphe smile.

'This great grief always . . .'

'Yes; look here!'—and la Goualeuse drew from her pocket a little packet, carefully tied with a pink favor.

'You have preserved it?'

'I think so! It is all I possess in the world.'

'How! have you nothing you can call your own?'

'Nothing.'

'But this coral necklace?'

'It belongs to the ogresse.'

'How! do you not own a rag?—a hat, a handkerchief?'

'No, nothing; nothing but the dry leaves of my withered rose-bush; it is on this account I prize it so much.'

'At each word the astonishment of Rodolphe was redoubled. He could not comprehend this frightful slavery, this horrible sale of soul and body for a wretched shelter, a few tattered clothes, and impure nourishment.

'They arrived at the '*Quai aux Fleurs*.' A carriage was in waiting. Rodolphe assisted his companion to get in, and after placing himself at her side, said to the coachman:

'To Saint-Denis; I will tell you directly which road to take.'

'The horses started; the sun was radiant; the sky without a cloud; but the cold was a little sharp, and the air circulated briskly through the open windows of the carriage.

'At this moment they drew near to Saint-Ouen, at the juncture of the road to Saint-Denis and the Chemin de la Revolte.

'Notwithstanding the monotonous appearance of the country, Fleur-de-Marie was so delighted at seeing the fields, that forgetting the thoughts which sad recollections had awakened in her mind, her charming face brightened up; she leaned out of the window, and cried:

'Monsieur Rodolphe! what delight! . . . Fields! and thickets! If you would only let me alight! The weather is so fine! I would like so much to run in the meadows!'

'We will take a run, my child. Coachman, stop!'

'How! *you* also, Monsieur Rodolphe?'

'I also! yes, we will make it a holiday.'

'What happiness! Monsieur Rodolphe!'

'And Rodolphe and Fleur-de-Marie, hand in hand, ran over the new-mown field until they were out of breath.

'To attempt to describe the little gambols, the joyous shouts, the fresh delight of Fleur-de-Marie would be impossible. Poor gazelle! for so long time a prisoner, she breathed the pure air with intoxication. She came, she went, she ran, she stopped, always with new transports. At the sight of several tufts of daisies, and some marigolds, spread by the first frosts of approaching winter, she could not refrain from fresh exclamations of delight. She did not leave a single flower, but gleaned the whole meadow. After having thus ran over the fields — soon tired, being unaccustomed to so much exercise — the young girl, pausing to take breath, seated herself on the trunk of a tree, which lay prostrate near a deep ditch. The fair and transparent complexion of Fleur-de-Marie, ordinarily too pale, was now shaded with the most lively color. Her large blue eyes shone sweetly; her rosy mouth, half open, disclosed her pearl-like teeth; and her heart throbbing under the little orange shawl, she kept one hand on her bosom as if to compress its pulsations, while with the other she extended to Rodolphe the flowers she had gathered. Nothing could be more charming than the innocent, joyous expression which shone in that lovely face.

'As soon as she could speak, she said to Rodolphe, with touching *naïveté*:

'How kind is the BOX DIEU for having given us such a fine day!'

'A tear came to the eyes of Rodolphe, as he heard this poor abandoned, despised, lost creature, without home, without bread, offering thus a cry of joy and thanks to the CREATOR, for the enjoyment of a ray of sunshine and the sight of a meadow!'

How do you like that, reader? 'Ith n't it thweet?' Excuse the levity; but we are trying to divert away two or three persevering drops of salt-water. 'You shall see more anon: 'tis a knavish piece of work.'

REV. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT: A LETTER FROM THE 'LITERARY EMPORIUM.'—A friend of tried taste in matters literary, and a good judge of *style*, both in matter and manner, whether out of the pulpit or in it, has sent us the following letter, written some months since to a correspondent in Gotham. The sketch which it gives of the peculiar eloquence of REV. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT will be found to partake largely of the qualities of that remarkable declaimer's pulpit efforts. We have heard Mr. MAFFITT for five minutes perhaps at a time, when he was *truly* eloquent; when his action was natural, his language pure, and his illustrations striking and beautiful. But a *sustained* flight seemed beyond his powers. As was forcibly observed by a country auditor of his on one occasion in our hearing: 'He is like a cow that gives a half-pail of the richest kind o' milk, and then up's with her foot and kicks it all over!' But we are keeping the reader from our friend's epistle:

'Boston, Sunday Night.

'DEAR —: A quiet day has closed at last, with an excitement so great as to fatigue even *my* temperament; and being still too feverish for sleep, I will write you, as it lulls away, the history of the matter. *Fahrenheit* has been rounding the hundred to-day, and this has added not a little to the proverbial quiet of an Eastern Sabbath. After the afternoon service, Boston seemed to be taking a profound sleep. The few feeble news-boys at the old State-House had disappeared; the idlers at the New Exchange had done wondering; and Long-Wharf was too blistering hot for any one to attempt a sail. It wouldn't do to venture into those cool, shady streets, that lead nowhere, without an object; to be seen to turn and walk back would be wrong, in Boston. On reaching my room I sank into an easy-chair, and thought of the prayer for rain and cooling winds, and whether the hot south wind was made here or at the south side of Cuba. A boy's whistle, some half a mile over the hill, at Bowdoin-Square, was the only evidence of life; and it was not a little provoking, having nothing else to do, to be *obliged* to follow the little rascal, as he wound through the 'Cracovienne,' with occasional snatches from 'Old Hundred' and 'Dundee,' and worry at the intricate manner in which he combined those rather different harmonies. Perhaps the lad was executing a refined torture upon some sober old citizen, *trying* to sleep after his long nap just taken at church, and 'not quite prepared to say,' with his ear, (very puzzling to him,) that that boy

was 'doing a theatrical;' and of course it would n't do to take him up for whistling psalm-tunes. 'Not at all; certainly not; that was quite proper and praise-worthy. Let the boy whistle.' I varied my own performances by occasionally leaning from the coolest window, to see if any body *was* any where; and deciding in the negative, in a perfectly clear and distinct manner, waited for the next voluntary from the whistling boy. A spruce young man, whom I had never seen before, and who talked of ASHBURTON as his bosom crony, had called in the morning, offering a seat at church, and an invitation to dinner with Mrs. —, of the sunny land, on the Hill. Well, was there ever such a fool as I, in lazily declining those invitations, thinking I could do better! That was in the morning, with the glory of a whole day before me; but *now* with only that boy, and all the papers read to the last accident! So kind in her, too. She had heard I was in town, and thought I might be happy to see her. *Would n't I?* I have half a mind now, to send around and say I will be there to breakfast!

I smoked out my regret with a cigar that almost crumpled with the heat; and at last, the tea-clatter at the Tremont roused me to the mental effort of declaring a Boston Sunday dull, decidedly dull. About dark I ventured into the street, and all Boston was astir again; indeed, quite bustling for the sober city; and every body so clean, so happy, so almost gay, if it were not Sunday, and so exactly at the touching-off point, that I fancied they had all been rolling in the surf on the shady side of Nahant, during the hot hours that I had been 'listlessly lounging life away.' Whew! I could n't bear it! I affected a little smartness, and mingled with the current, trying to be pleased with, I could n't say what; but privately in rather a hopeless humor, till I heard one man say hurriedly, 'You can't get in;' and another, 'I'll try;' and off he went like a shot. Thinking I had got hold of something at last, I followed; and as he had drab-breeches, kept an eye on him, squeezing along up street and down street, by lane and by alley, till we came to a great stream going one way, and directly fetched up square upon some thousand people, filling the whole street, before a church; from which, above the hum of the crowd, came now and then the peal of an organ, and a chorus of voices in hallelujahs. Looking up upon the sea of heads, I plunged in as others plunged out, and found myself carried to the inner door of the church. The aisles were so full that half way up men were too tight together to get their hats off; and the whole crowd, inside and out, was dotted with women and girls, their bonnets jammed up tight, so that they could only look the way they happened to face when stopping, whether desirable or not. All sorts of speeches and odd remarks were bandied about in a subdued tone; and several fat men, dripping, were let out to get dry; whereupon a man in a Roman nose slipped off his coat in a twinkling, and looked around with *immense satisfaction*. The abstraction of the fat men had left him, for the moment, just room to do it.

Presently, from the far end of the church, the clear voice of MAFFITT came down upon the ear like a silver bell, and the mass was still. He began at once, like a man who knew his calling, and had mastered it. His voice was clear, full, and intelligible to the farthest ear it reached. He commenced calmly, but with nerve and strength which took the whole mass with him at the onset; and after getting fairly under way, he cast about for argument and illustration. Here began the man's inspiration. His thoughts, bathed in sun-light, came rushing one upon another, gem upon gem and crowd upon crowd; each full and bold as the stars of heaven; moving on like them, separate, but together; falling into the ranks from all manner of places; throwing light upon each other, like the spears of an host, and all speeding onward and upward to their destination. Pausing with his forces in mid-heaven, he calls out again and again for tribute, and they glance in, like sunbeams, from the land and the deep, from earth, and heaven, and the farthest star; till pleased with his grouping, he sweeps the picture into a higher light, and shadows forth the Throne of the ALMIGHTY! This, with all variety of intonation, from clarion to trumpet; every nerve and muscle in gesticulation; and no wandering, no pausing, but to the *point*, like a thunder-bolt! My dear —, where are you? If any where within hearing, I beg leave to say 'Good night!' I'm tired, and presume you are.'

'Yours, — — —.'

POEMS BY PERCIVAL. — Mr. PERCIVAL has recently put forth an exceedingly beautiful volume, of some two hundred and fifty pages, entitled 'The Dream of a Day, and other Poems.' The book is composed for the most part of a series of shorter pieces, part of which have been published in a fugitive form, at different intervals since the publication of his last volume, in 1827, while part have until now remained in manuscript. The longer piece, and one of the latest, which opens and gives the title to the volume, takes its name partly from its subject and partly from the time in which it was written. More than one hundred and fifty different forms or modifi-

cations of stanza are introduced in the course of the volume, much of which is borrowed from the verse of other languages, particularly of the German. The imitations of different classic measures, as well as the songs for national airs, are particularly explained in the introduction to each. We remark numerous gems in this collection which were written by Mr. PERCIVAL for the KNICKERBOCKER; a fact which we cannot doubt will secure the patronage of our readers for the tasteful and most matter-full volume before us. We are not advised by whom the work is for sale in New-York, but Mr. S. BABCOCK, New-Haven, is the publisher; and it is but just to add, that it reflects great credit upon his liberality and good taste.

'THE ATTACHE:' BY SAM SLICK.—The clock-maker has lost none of his shrewdness, his acute observation, nor his sparkling humor. To be sure, many of his so-called *Yankeeisms* are only specimens of cockney dialect; yet he has more genuine wit than is to be found in all the 'down-cast' letters which have been inflicted upon the public *ad nauseam* any time these three years. 'Sumtotalize' these tiresome epistles, as Mr. SLICK would say, and see what nine in ten of them amount to. Bad spelling, devoid of the ludicrous ellipses which characterize the orthographical errors of Mr. YELLOWFLUSH, constitutes the principal attraction of their *style*; while their *staple* is derived from the worn-out jokes of HACKETT's 'Solomon Swop' or 'Joe Bunker.' But to 'The Attaché;' to portions of which, with but slight comment, we propose to introduce the reader. Mr. SLICK's originality is the originality of *thought*, less than of *manner*. He is no copyist; and while he equals LACON in saying 'many things in a few words,' he never sacrifices truth to the mere external form of sententiousness. In his descriptions he is never striking at the expense of verisimilitude; nor does he permit his observation of character to be diverted from its naturalness by over-cumulative features in his picture, which destroy so many otherwise clever limnings. Not inappropriate to this illustration, by the by, is this brief but graphic description of one of a great number of old family pictures which the 'Attaché' encounters in the baronial hall of a purse-proud JOHN BULL 'of family,' in one of the shires of England: 'Here now is an old aunty that a fortin come from. She looks like a bale o' cotton, fust screwed as tight as possible, and then corded hard. Lord! if they had only a given her a pinch of snuff' when she was full dressed and trussed, and sot her a sneezin', she'd a blowed up, and the fortin would have come twenty years sooner! Yes, it's a family pictur; indeed, they're all family picturs. They are all fine animals, but over-fed and under-worked.' Observe the wisdom of the ensuing sentence, illustrating that sort of brain-picking which some persons resort to, while themselves are mum as oysters, upon subjects on which noncommittalism is desirable: 'If I can see both eends of a rope, and only one man has hold of one eend, and me of the t'other, why I know what I am about; but if I can only see my own eend, I do n't know who I am a pullin' agin.'

One of the most amusing sketches in Mr. SLICK's volume is an account of a 'pious creeter,' a deacon, who exchanged an old worn-out and vicious horse for one which he 'considered worth six of it,' and which he thought gave him 'the best of the bargain, and no mistake.' It turns out quite the other way, however, the good deacon's boasting to the contrary notwithstanding:

'This is as smart a little hoss,' says he, 'as ever I see. I know where I can put him off to a great advantage. I shall make a good day's work of this. It is about as good a hoss-trade as I ever made. The French do n't know nothin' about hosses; they are a simple people; their priests keep 'em in ignorance on purpose, and they do n't know nothin'.' 'He cracked and bragged considerable, and as we progressed we came to Montagon Bridge. The moment pony sot foot on it, he stopped short, pricked up the latter eends of his ears, snorted, squealed, and refused to budge an inch. The elder got mad. He first conxed and patted, and soft-sawdered him, and then whipped, and spurred, and thrashed him like anything. Pony got mad too, for hosses has tempers as well as elders; so he turned to, and kicked right straight up on eend, like Old Scratch, and kept on without stoppin' till he sent the elder right slap over his head slantendicularly, on the broad of his back into the river, and he floated down through the bridge and scrambled out o' t'other side. Creation! how he looked! He was so mad, he was ready to bile over; and as it was, he

smoked in the sun like a tea-kettle. His clothes stuck close down to him, as a cat's fur does to her skin when she's out in the rain; and every step he took his boots went squish, squash, like an old woman churnin' butter; and his wet trousers chafed with a noise like a wet flappin' sail. He was a show; and when he got up to his hoss, and held on to his mane, and first lifted up one leg, and then the other, to let the water run out of his boots, I could n't hold in no longer, but laid back, and larfed till I thought, on my soul, I'd fall off into the river too.'

The elder is decidedly taken in. His new steed is as blind as a bat, and a member of the 'opposition party.' After a series of provoking annoyances, the new owner of the beast finally succeeds in getting him on board a steam-boat; but on nearing the shore the perverse animal jumps overboard:

'THE captain havin' his boat histed, and thinkin' the hoss would swim ashore of himself, kept right strait on; and the hoss swam this way, and that way, and every way but the right road, jist as the eddies took him. At last he got into the rippes off Johnston's Pint, and they wheeled him right round and round like a whip-top. Poor pony! he got his match at last. He struggled, and jumped, and plunged, and fort, like a man, for dear life. Fust went up his knowin' little head, that had no ears; and he tried to jump up, and rear out of it, as he used to did out of a mire-hole ashore; but there was no bottom there; nothin' for his hind foot to spring from; so down he went agin, ever so deep; and then he tried t'other eend, and up went his broad rump, that had no tail; but, there was nothin' for the fore feet to rest on nother; so he made a summerset, and as he went over he gave out a great, long, cendwise kick, to the full stretch of his hind legs. Poor feller! it was the last kick he ever gave in this world; he sent his heels straight up on eend, like a pair of kitchen tongs, and the last I see of him was a bright dazzle, as the sun shined on his iron shoes, afore the water closed over him forever.'

Take in all the accessories of the above picture, reader, and you cannot fail to laugh as heartily at the discomfiture of the pious but 'cunning' elder, as we ourselves did on its first perusal. There is a fine touch of natural description, and not a little philosophy, in the following sketch of a dinner at an English gentleman's country residence:

'FOLKS are up to the notch here when dinner is in question, that's a fact; fat, gouty, broken-winded, and foundered as they be. It's rap! rap! rap! for twenty minutes at the door; and in they come, one arter the other, as fast as the sarvants can carry up their names. Cuss them sarvants! it takes seven or eight of 'em to carry a man's name up stairs, they are so awful lazy, and so shockin' full of porter. Well, you go in along with your name, walk up to old aunty, and make a scrape, and the same to old uncle, and then fall back. This is done as solemn as if a feller's name was called out to take his place in a funeral; that and the mistakes is the fun of it. . . . Company are all come, and now they have to be marshalled two and two, lock and lock, and go into the dinin'-room to feed. When I first came I was dreadful proud of that title, 'the Attaché; ' now I am glad it's nothin' but 'only an Attaché,' and I'll tell you why. The great guns and big bugs have to take in each other's ladies, so these old ones have to herd together. Well, the nobodies go together too, and sit together; and I've observed that these nobodies are the pleasantest people at table, and they have the pleasantest places, because they sit down with each other, and are jist like yourself, plaguy glad to get some one to talk to. Somebody can only visit somebody, but nobody can go any where; and therefore nobody sees and knows twice as much as somebody does. Somebodies must be axed, if they are as stupid as a pump; but nobodies need n't, and never are, unless they are spiey sort o' folks; so you are sure of them, and they have all the fun and wit of the table at their eend, and no mistake. I would n't take a tifle if they would give it to me, for if I had one, I should have a fat old parblind dowager detailed on to me to take in to dinner; and what the plague is her jewels and laces, and silks and satins, and wigs to me? As it is, I have a chance to have a gal to take in that's a jewel herself; one that don't want no settin' off, and carries her diamonds in her eyes, and so on. I've told our minister not to introduce me as an Attaché no more, but as Mr. Nobody, from the state of Nothin', in America.'

Mr. SLICK's ideas of what is facetiously termed 'music' is quite coincident with our own. No 'difficult execution' and 'intricate passages' for him:

'WHAT's that? It's music. Well, that's artificial too; it's scientific, they say; it's done by rule. Jist look at that gal to the piano: first comes a little Garman thunder. Good aith and seas, what a crash! It seems as if she'd bang the instrument all to a thousand pieces. I guess she's vexed at some body and is a-peegin' it into the piano out of spite. Now comes the singin'; see what faces she makes; how she stretches her mouth open, like a barn-door, and turns up the white of her eyes, like a duck in a thunder-storm. She is in a musical ecstacy; she feels good all over; her soul is a-goin' out along with that 'ere music. Oh, it's divine; and she is an angel, ain't she? Yes, I guess she is; and when I'm an angel, I will fall in love with her; but as I'm a man, at least what's left of me, I'd jist as soon fall in love with one that was a leetle more of a woman, and a leetle less of an angel. But hello! what onder the sun is she about! Why, her voice is goin' down her own throat, to gain strength, and here it comes out ag'in as deep-toned as a man's; while that dandy feller alongside of her is a-singin' what they call falsetter. They've actilly changed voices! The gal sings like a man, and that screamer like a woman! This is science: this is taste: this is fashion: but hang me if it's natur'. I'm tired to death of it; but one good thing is, you need n't listen without you like, for every body is talking as loud as ever.'

We are compelled to close our extracts with the subjoined capital hit at the naked meeting-houses which 'obtain' in so many quarters of our goodly land, and the still more naked 'doctrines' that constitute the weekly attractions which many of them present to church-goers :

'THE meetin'-houses our side of the water, no matter where, but away up in the back country, how testotally different they be from 'em this side! A great big handsome wooden house, chock full of winders, painted so white as to put your eyes out, and so full of light within that inside seems all out-doors, and no tree nor bush, nor nothin' near it but the road fence, with a man to preach in it that is so strict and straight-laced he will do *any thing* of a week day, and *nothin'* of a Sunday. . . . Preacher there don't preach morals, because that's churchy, and he don't like neither the Church nor it's morals; but he preaches doctrine, which doctrine is, there's no Christians but themselves. Well, the fences outside of the meetin'-house, for a quarter of a mile or so, each side of the house, and each side of the road, ain't to be seen for hosses and wagons, and gigs hitched there; poor devils of hosses that have ploughed, or hauled, or harrowed, or logged, or snaked, or somethin' or nother all the week, and rest on a Sunday by alterin' their gait, as a man rests of a journey by alterin' of his sturup a hole higher or a hole lower.'

This episode is concluded with some remarks upon the 'clerical twang' which distinguishes some of the divines of our country: 'Good men always speak through the nose. It's what comes out of the mouth that defiles a man; but there is no mistake in the nose; it's the porch of the temple!' We are pleased to learn that another volume of 'The Attaché' will ere long be given to the public. We await its publication with impatient interest.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'What is the man driving at' who sends us the following? Does he intend a satire upon the peculiar style of Mr. WILLIS, who 'skims the superficies' of society with more ease and grace than any magazine-writer of this era? Or is our correspondent in love, and desirous of walking under a cloud while he reveals his passion? Let him answer: 'The top of the morning to you, my dear EDITOR; and as your sun goes up the meridian, may your shadow be longer! I can wish you nothing more improbable; but in wishes not to be granted, I will have the satisfaction of wishing to the outside of my desire. Coming home last evening, I called on a pretty woman, for a half-hour's oblivion of matter-of-fact. A few weeks since she had seen WILLIS and a very charming damsel at Saratoga Springs, and had noticed them occasionally at a delightful spot in the neighborhood, which I shall not indicate; a retreat such as a poet would choose in parting with his best thoughts, and far holier than the parting of mere lips would need; for I take it, this good-by, this farewell to the pets of the heart; this sense of lost identity gone to the public; the loosing of the dove that may no where find a spot to rest amid the waters; the spring of the falcon that *will* away; I say, Mr. EDITOR, these things are sometimes very solemn and affecting. Well, upon that spot was found a crumpled paper, scrawled over with the goose-tracks of genius, and signed 'N. P. WILLIS, Junior.' The product of WILLIS by his *match* should be something brilliant, to be sure; but the Junior is evidently still young in years. His opening phrase, (more applicable in these times to a bank-note than any other mistress,) and several other naïve spots, indicate the come-over-atiyness and allowable tenderness of a first passion. It is written in a kind of halting verse, that might easily be done into *blank*, I should say. It is crowned with stars, signifying I suppose that this world has nothing left worth looking at, and this beautiful motto, from Keats:

'A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.'

BY N. P. WILLIS, JUN.

'DEAREST' I thank thee, bless thee, pray the highest God to bless thee evermore, thou charm of the world to me! And now how beautiful the world again! The glorious sunlight, the waving trees, and faces of familiar friends, before so common-place — all now how beautiful! for thou hast smiled on them! A rush of joy is at my heart again, as if my pulse at each throb ran kisses from thy lips. Ah! could I take thy breath in one long kiss, and give thee Heaven, which were happier! — thou with the stars above, or I with mine and thy dear heart forever! How fast the time goes on! The world that lagged but yesterday, and seemed about to stop for very dullness, seems an express, as though the stars were nearing us, and God were coming down, and we were hastening to the embrace of Heaven. How my spirits mount again! I look into the



heavens, face to face, and angels bending down, are whispering that I may yet be happy. Poor, poor fool! Happy for another hour, perhaps another day, and then — Why, then the sun will rise again, and all the world be glad, but I shall not know it; and every tone that to the common world is sweetest music, and every look and smile that are unlike thee; the song not thine; the book not read by thee; and every beautiful and lovely thing, that hath not caught some parted grace of thine, shall be to me a half-formed thing, lacking the tint that's loveliest, the form that's dearest to my heart; a thing unfinished, as Heaven were interrupted in the making, or lost the trick, not having thee to copy! But now, the dashing of my heart is like the seas that clap their hands in gladness. My God, I thank Thee for that 'joy forever!' Those words have mingled with my spirit, quickening it to lightning; and if I get a home above, and have a power in Heaven, I'll build a world whose sky shall light it with those burning words! Ah, how the time goes on! I miss it not, for I am happy, and it brings no change. The sun has set, and night has come with countless stars, as glowing, beautiful, and bright, as each one were a separate joy of mine; a heaven all full, as is my brimming heart. Well; you will laugh at all this rhapsody, and chide me for a foolish boy. I only say, 'My heart is talking to you, not my head.' . . . But we must part; and then, if angels, strayed from home, may note that scene, touched by the love of one so beautiful, it will be written down in Heaven, that two souls made to match, have gone apart forever. Farewell! I only ask of you, that when a warm thought flutters at your heart, just fancy (it will be true) that I have come to nestle there, and give it welcome. And when the night comes, and you rest alone with your own beauty and the sentinel stars, oh, clasp the little rascal to your heart, and — think of your dream in the morning!

Our impression is — 'we may be wrong, but that is our opinion' — that the young gentleman who penned the foregoing rhapsody is hawking after some young woman. Ah! well; though his style is not over-pellucid, there is much truth in his sentences. There is a communion between the heart of Nature and the hearts of lovers; and with gentle affections and pure thoughts, her face is always beautiful. With the same mail which brought us the 'Thing of Beauty' aforesaid, came the following, copied in the neatest of all crow-quill chirography, bearing the Saratoga post-mark, and a French-gray seal, with two loving doves. It struck us, on a first perusal, that possibly it might proceed from some young lady in love with some young gentleman! 'It has that look:'

'WHAT IS LOVE?'

'It is to dwell within  
A world of the young heart's creation, bright  
And brilliant as 'tis false and fleeting, where  
All seems a beauteous fairy-land; to mark  
No varied season and no flight of time,  
Save in the weary absence of the loved one;  
To live but in the atmosphere he breathes,  
To gaze upon his eyes as on the light  
That beacons us to bliss, the only sun  
Of our unreal world; in the sad hours  
Of absence to be filled with thousand thoughts  
Of tenderness, that to repeat we deem  
Will make the hours of meeting more delicious;  
Yet when that time is come, to feel they are  
Unutterable; then to count the moments,  
And watch his coming as the early dawn  
Of an untried existence; (is not love  
A new existence?) yet when he is come,  
To feel that deep, oppressive sense of bliss  
Weighing upon the heart, that we could wish  
To find our joy less perfect This is love!'

No sneers, if you please, gentlemen bachelors of the incorrigible class; no 'pshaws!' ye 'paired but not matched' people, at encountering here these tender tributes of the heart; for the lover, where is he not? 'Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he has been; wherever children are at play together, there he soon will be; wherever there are roofs under which men dwell, wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on. True love continues and will continue to send up its homage amidst the meditations of every eventide, and the busy hum of noon, and 'the song of the morning stars.' . . . If the unhappy young man who has recently filled the journals of the metropolis with the details of his folly and crime could, before yielding to temptation, have looked in upon the state-prisoners at Sing-Sing, as we did the other day, surely he would have shrunk back from the vortex before him. Poor wretches, in their best estate! How narrow their cells; how ceaseless their toil; what a negation of comfort their whole condition! It was a sweltering August day, breathless and oppressive; but there was no rest for the eight hundred unhappy convicts who plied their never-ending tasks within those walls. Stealthy glances from half-raised eyes; pale countenances, stamped with meek submission, or gleaming with powerless hate or impotent malignity; and 'hard labor' in the fullest sense, were the main features of the still-life scene, as we passed through the several work-shops. But what a picture was presented as their occupants came swarming into the open court-yard at sound of the bell, to proceed to their cells with their dinner! From the thick atmosphere of the carpet and rug-shops, leaving the



clack of shuttles, the dull thump of the 'weaver's beam,' and the long, confused perspective of cords, and pulleys, and patterns, and multitudinous 'harness,' they poured forth; from murky smithys, streamed the imps of VULCAN, grim as the dark recesses from which they emerged; from doors which open upon interminable rows of close-set benches burst forth the knights of the awl and hammer; the rub-a-dub of the cooper's mallet, the creak of his shaving-knife, were still; the stone-hammer was silent; and the court-yard was full of that striped crew! God of compassion! what a sight it was, to see that motley multitude take up, in gangs, their humiliating march! Huge negroes, weltering in the heat, were interspersed among 'the lines;' hands crimson with murder rested upon the shoulders of beings young alike in years and crime; the victim of bestiality pressed against the heart-broken tool of the scathless villain; and *all* were blended in one revolting mass of trained soldiers of guilt; their thousand legs moving as the leg of one man: all in silence, save the peculiar sound of the sliding tread, grating not less upon the ear than the ground. One by one, they took their wooden pails of dingy and amphibious-looking 'grub,' and passed on, winding up the stairs of the different stories, and streaming along the narrow corridors to their solitary cells. It was too much for the tender heart of poor E., this long procession of the gangs. As they passed on in slow succession, her lip began to quiver; and one after another drops of pity rolled down her cheek. 'All these,' said she to the keeper, 'had a mother, who looked upon their childhood, and blessed their innocence! Ah! how many infant feet, softer than velvet to the touch, have been pressed to maternal lips, that now shuffle along these prison-isles!' There spoke 'the mother;' and with her 'gentle words of pity' we take our leave of the State's-prison and its unhappy inmates. . . . THE love of literature is a beneficial and noble propensity of soul. 'It cannot be doubted,' writes the accomplished MARY CLAYERS, 'that every accession of intellectual light carries with it an increase of happiness; happiness which depends not in any great degree upon the course of public events, and not, beyond a certain limited extent, upon the smiles of fortune. Those debasing and embittering prejudices which must ever wait upon ignorance, melt away in the rays of mental illumination, and every departed prejudice leaves open a new inlet for happiness. I may be considered an enthusiast, but it is my deliberate conviction that next to religion—heart-felt, operative religion—a true love of reading is the best softener of the asperities of life, the best consoler under its inevitable ills.' Hoop, writing recently 'from his bed' to the Secretary of a provincial Athenæum, of which he had been elected a 'patron,' deposes to the comfort and 'blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow; how generous mental food can atone for a meagre diet; 'rich fare on paper, for short commons on the 'cloth.' Although ill, and condemned to lenten fare, animal food being strictly interdicted, yet the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul' were still his. 'Denied beef, I had *Bul-wer* and *Cow-per*; forbidden mutton, there was *Lamb*; and in lieu of pork, *Bacon* or *Hogg*.' Eschewing wine, he had still his *Butler*; and in the absence of liquor, all the *choice spirits*, from TOM BROWN to TOM MOORE. Confined physically to water, he had yet not only the best of 'home-made' but the champagne of MOLIERE, the hock of SCHILLER, and the sherry of CERVANTES:

'Darnassus bodily by the fluid that damps every thing, I got intellectually elevated with MILTON, a little merry with SWIFT, or rather jolly with RANSTARS, whose Panagruel, by the way, is quite equal to the best gruel with rum in it. So far can literature palliate or compensate for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils, great and small, in this world, which try the stomach less than the head, and the temper, and ill winds that blow with the pertinacity of moussoon. Of these, Providence has allotted me a full share; but still, paradoxical as it may sound, my burthen has been greatly lightened by a load of books. Many, many a dreary, weary hour have I got over; many a mental or bodily annoyance forgotten, by help of the tragedies and comedies of our dramatists and novelists! Many a trouble has been soothed by the still small voice of the moral philosopher; many a dragon-like care charmed to sleep by the sweet song of the poet! For all which I cry incessantly, not aloud, but in my heart, 'Thanks and honor to the glorious masters of the pen, and the great inventors of the press!'

Is n't *Law* a very curious thing, take it altogether? An adept in it must needs know all the precedents, all the legal discussions and litigations; must read innumerable volumes, filled with innumerable subtleties and cohesions, and written in an unintelligible jargon; must study rules by which a certain class of future events shall be judged, when those events can only be partially and imperfectly foreseen; a rule which never varies, while the cases never agree; a law which is general while the cases are individual; a law where the penalty is uniform, while the justice or injustice of the case is continually different. Who 'in view of these things' can wonder that the worse is often made to appear the better reason? Does not a lawyer triumph most, and acquire most fame, when he can gain a cause in the very teeth of the law he professes to support and revere? Who is the greatest lawyer? Not he who can most enlighten, but he who can most perplex and confound the understanding and embroil and mislead the intellect of judge and jury. We have before us a striking illustration of these remarks, in an unsettled case in the Court of Errors, on an appeal from a decree of the chancellor. A wife and mother, well stricken

in years, leaves the bed and board of her husband, in consequence of long-continued ill treatment, and by 'her next friend' sues for alimony. Her husband, it appears in evidence, is an 'unclean beast' personally; moreover, he throws his tea-cup at her at the table; will not permit her to have a fire in the room in which she is ill, though it is in the depth of winter, but opens doors and windows to freeze her out; orders all the beds taken down, that she may not sleep; goes himself about the house at times *in puris naturalibus*; threatens to throw his wife into the well; when she is seated on a chair, pushes her out of it, and when she takes another, pushes her out of that also, and so forth. Now reader, it would amuse you to look over the 'Points on the part of the Appellant' in this case. By his 'next friend,' the attorney, he complains that vice-chancellors are exceeding their credentials in assuming to be 'Chesterfieldian censors of the lesser morals.' He admits indeed that the husband was 'uncourteous, in rudely throwing his tea-cup instead of handing it respectfully to the lady-in-waiting,' meaning the wife aforesaid; that he was guilty of 'impoliteness, in capriciously commanding a change of chairs;' that he certainly did use 'an inconsiderate expression concerning the well;' but that in driving his wife out of her sick room, by opening all the doors and windows on a cold winter-day, he was only 'enforcing wholesome exercise as a substitute for prejudicial inaction!' All these examples, let us add, are of the *lesser* abuses and grievances which the unhappy woman suffered, year after year; yet the 'deeds without a name' are softened or defended with equal plausibility and ingenuity. The counsel for the appellant objects to the interference of the law-officers with such matters. 'Courts of chancery,' says he, with true Johnsonian grandiloquence, 'cannot, like ecclesiastical tribunals or inquisitions, regulate, by means of auricular confession and domiciliary visitation, connubial rights and duties! The chancellor's doctrine would perpetuate wordy wars and family feuds, and impart to conjugal catervauling more than feline vitality!' But hold; we are 'interfering between man and wife,' an injudicious act, as 'tis said. . . . 'D. G.'s '*Height of Impudence*' (it is not 'new') reminds us of an incident which occurred in the hearing of a friend at one of our cheap metropolitan eating-houses last winter. A tall, raw boned Hibernian called for a dish of pork-and-beans. 'Let it be 'most all pork, and plenty of beans,' said he; and a liberal supply was placed smoking before him. Before he had gorged his fill, he called for more bread; it was given him, and soon disappeared, with the remainder of his dish. He then called for another slice, and was piling the butter in pyramids upon small pieces of the same, when the waiter, who had been eyeing him closely, and who thought the repast 'rather too much for a shilling,' addressed him with: 'Mister, that butter cost two shillings and sixpence a pound.' The huge feeder said nothing, but proceeded to pile about a quarter of a pound of it on a small crust of bread, placed it in his mouth, rolled it for a time 'as a sweet morsel under his tongue,' and then remarked: 'Well, I should say 't was *well wor-r-th it*!' His main anxiety appeared to be, to convince the waiter that his principal had not been 'taken in' by the vender. . . . We promised that our readers should renew their acquaintance with '*Hugh Trevor*;' accordingly we condense a scene or two from that remarkable work. Going down St. James'-street, London, one evening, with a person who has treated him with much civility, our hero is run violently against by an accomplice of his companion, knocked down, and robbed of all his money. His 'civil' friend leaves him in the lurch, and he seeks his lodgings, there being no remedy for his loss. To divert his mind, he repairs to the theatre, and takes his stand among the crowd which surround the entrance. He observes that the people about him seem watchful of each other; and presently the cry of 'Take care of your pockets!' renews his fears; and putting his hand to his fob, he misses his watch! Looking eagerly around, he fixes his eyes upon his quondam friend, who had aided in robbing him:

'*This blood mantled in my face. 'You have stolen my watch,' said I. He could not immediately escape, and made no reply, but turned pale, looked at me as if entreating silence and commiseration, and put a watch into my hand. I felt a momentary compassion, and he presently made his retreat. His retreating did but increase the press of the crowd, so that it was impossible for me so much as to lift up my arm: I therefore continued, as the safest way, to hold the watch in my hand. Soon afterward the door opened, and I hurried it into my waistcoat pocket for I was obliged to make the best use of all my limbs, that I might not be thrown down and trodden under foot. At length, after very uncommon struggles, I made my way to the money door, paid, and entered the pit. After taking breath and gazing around me, I sat down and inquired of my neighbors how soon the play would begin? I was told in an hour. This new delay occasioned me to put my hand in my pocket and take out my watch, which as I supposed had been returned by the thief. But, good Heavens! what was my surprise when, in lieu of my own plain watch, in a green chagrin-case, the one I was now possessed of was set round with diamonds! And, instead of ordinary steel and brass, its appendages were a weighty gold chain and seals! My astonishment was great beyond expression! I opened it to examine the work, and found it was cased. I pressed upon the nut and it immediately struck the hour. It was a repeater!'*

It will not greatly puzzle the reader, we may presume, to conjecture what this adroit movement on the part of the pick-pocket ultimately led to; nor will he fail to recognize in the following limning a portrait of more than one character of these times. Mr. GLIBLY is entertaining Mr. TREVOR with a running commentary upon some of the prominent personages who enter the theatre:

'*THERE,*' said he pointing, 'is Mr. MIRONATE; a famous clerical character, and as strange an original as any

this metropolis affords. He is not entitled to make a figure in the world either by his riches, rank, or understanding; but with an effrontery peculiar to himself he will knock at any man's door, though a perfect stranger, ask him questions, give him advice, and tell him he will call again to give him more in the first opportunity. By this means he is acquainted with every body, but knows nobody; is always talking, yet never says any thing; is perpetually putting some absurd interrogation, but before it is possible he should understand the answer, puts another. His desire to be informed torments himself and every man of his acquaintance, which is almost every man he meets; yet, though he lives inquiring, he will die consummately ignorant. His brain is a kind of rag shop, receiving and retarding nothing but rubbish. It is as difficult to affront as to get rid of him; and though you fairly bid him begone to-day, he will knock at your door, march into your house, and if possible keep you answering his unconnected, fifty times answered queries to-morrow. He is the friend and the enemy of all parties; and tortures you to decide for him which he ought to choose. As far as he can be said to have opinions, they are crude and contradictory in the extreme; so that in the same breath he will defend and oppose the same system. With all this confusion of intellect, there is no man so wise but he will prescribe to him how he ought to act. He has been a great traveller, and continually abuses his own countrymen for not adopting the manners and policy of other nations. He pretends to be the universal friend of man, a philanthropist on the largest scale, yet is so selfish that he would willingly see the world perish, if he could but secure paradise to himself. This is the only consistent trait in his character. In the same sentence, he frequently joins the most fulsome flattery and some insidious question, that asks the person whom he addresses if he do not confess himself to be both knave and fool. Delicacy of sentiment is one of his pretensions, though his tongue is licentious, his language coarse, and he is occasionally seized with fits of the most vulgar abuse. He declaims against dissimulation, yet will smilingly accost the man whom — Ha! MIGNARE! How do you do? Give me leave to introduce you to Mr. TRIVOR, a friend of mine, a gentleman and a scholar; just come from Oxford. Your range of knowledge and universal intimacy with men and things, may be useful to him; and his erudite acquisitions, and philosophical research, will be highly gratifying to an inquirer like you. An intercourse between you must be mutually pleasing and beneficial, and I am happy to bring you acquainted. This, addressed to the man whom he had been abusing so unparadingly was inconceivable. The unabashed facility with which he veered from calumny to compliment, and that too after he had accused the man whom he accosted of dissimulation, struck me dumb. I had perhaps seen something like it before, but nothing half so perfect in its kind. It doubly increased my stock of knowledge; it afforded a new instance of what the world is, and a new incitement to ask how it became so?

A single passage more, which will have especial interest for the correspondent to whom we are indebted for the capital sketch of *'Love-Making in Boarding-Houses,'* must close our excerpts. A maiden of an uncertain age is making a 'dead set' at our hero:

'She was sure I must find myself a great favorite; I was a favorite with every body; and, for her part, she did not wonder at it. "Not but it is a great pity," added she, aside, "that you are such a rake, Mr. TRIVOR." This repeated charge very justly alarmed my morality, and I very seriously began a refutation. But in vain. "I might say what I would," she could see very plainly I was a profligate rake, and nothing could convince her to the contrary. Though she had heard that your greatest rakes make the best husbands. Perhaps it might be true, but she did not think she could be persuaded to make the venture. She did not know what might happen, to be sure, though she really did not think she could. She could not conceive how it was, but some how or another she always found something agreeable about rakes. It was a great pity they should be rakes, but she really believed the women loved them, and encouraged them in their seducing arts. For her part, she would keep her fingers out of the fire as long as she could; but, if it were her destiny to love a rake, what could she do? Nobody could help being in love, and it would be very hard indeed to call what one cannot help, a crime.'

We must commend the cogent arguments in favor of national theft, contained in the article on *'International Copy-right'* in preceding pages, to the attention of the reader. It strikes us as one of the most tenable positions yet taken by the opponents of an exceedingly 'impolitic' literary measure. By the by; a new *'American Copy-right Club'* has been recently established, with WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT and GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, Esquires, for its president and vice-president; and for its secretaries and executive committee, several of the most prominent advocates of the proposed law to be found in our midst; including, we are glad to perceive, Mr. PUFFER HOPKINS MATHEWS, who has labored more abundantly than they all in the good cause, but with little success hitherto, we regret to be obliged to add. His metropolitan lecture last winter could scarcely have realized his own expectations; though it was not difficult to meet those of the public. A friend of ours who repaired early to the Tabernacle, with a ticket bearing a number above twelve hundred, found not three-score auditors in that capacious edifice. It is equally certain, that the following 'unkindest cut of all' at Mr. MATHEWS's international copy-right *essays*, which reaches us in the last number of the *'Dublin University Magazine,'* embodies the opinion generally entertained of those efforts on this side the Atlantic: 'While on the subject of America, we would wish to add a line of a certain CORNELIUS MATHEWS, who writes pamphlets and delivers lectures in New-York, on the subject of an international copy-right law. Such is the complex involution of his style; such the headlong impetuosity with which tropes, figures, and metaphors run down, jostle, and overturn each other, that we have puzzled ourselves in vain to detect his meaning or the gist of his argument. Giants, elephants, *'tiger-mothers,'* and curricles; angels, frigates, baronial castles, and fish-ponds, 'dance through his writings in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion;' and however desirous we may feel that a law of copy-right might protect British authors from American piracy, yet as one of the craft we boldly say: *'Non defensoribus istis! non tali auxilio!'* Let the question be put forward manfully and intelligibly; let it not be a piece of Indian jugglery, performed by CORNELIUS MATHEWS, but the plain and simple acknowledgement that literary property is property, and as such has its rights, sacred and inviolable.' We have quoted this passage for the purpose of showing that our own opinion of Mr. MATHEWS's rambling thoughts and disjointed style finds abundant confirmation wherever his 'writings' are



How different the scene with these mimic troops, from that presented by his human legions! No long columns of smoke streamed up from *their* line of march, indicating burning villages and fields trampled in the dust; no explosions of artillery; no thundering of cavalry; no steel clanging with steel in the desperate conflict of life for life; no smoke, nor darkness, nor infernal din; no groans of the dying; no piercing shouts, revealing the last fierce efforts of human nature, wrought up to the infuriated recklessness of revenge and despair. None of these! Not greater was the difference between that infant and his sire! Yet it is a pleasant feature in the character of NAPOLEON, his love of children. 'He entered,' says Miss BALCOMBE, who knew him so intimately at St. Helena, 'into all the feelings of young people, and when with them was a mere child, and a most amusing one. I think his love of children, and the delight he felt in their society; and that too at the most calamitous period of his life, when a cold and unattainable nature would have been abandoned to the indulgence of selfish misery; in itself speaks volumes for his goodness of heart.' . . . AH! yes; we understand your insinuation, dear Sir, and 'possibly may wish that we had let you alone.' And yet, here is your letter before us, *requesting* 'an opinion of the merits of your piece, in the entertaining gossip of the Editor's Table!' How does that read? Our correspondent, if his ability were equal to his inclination, would doubtless make us feel the truth of this scrap of advice from one who was a judge of human nature: 'Let no man despise the opinion of *blockheads*. In every society they form the majority, and are generally the most powerful and influential. Laugh not at their laborious disquisitions on the weather, and their wonderful discoveries of things which every one knows. If you offend a fool, you turn the whole muddy port of his composition into rancid vinegar, and not all the efforts you can make will abate its sourness.' One word here to correspondents generally. We have no pleasure in rejecting a communication, privately or publicly. Often have we sat, with a 'dubious' paper in hand, hesitating for an hour whether to 'print or burn;' thinking of the fervent wishes of the writer, and the labor that he had bestowed upon his production. Every part, every period, had perhaps been considered and re-considered, with unremitting anxiety. He had revised, corrected, expunged, again produced and again erased, with endless iteration. Points and commas themselves perhaps had been settled with repeated and jealous solicitude. All this may be, and yet one's article be indifferent, or unsuited to our pages. Give us credit for candor, gentlemen, as well as for plain-speaking. . . . HERE are two clever epigrams; the first from a contributor to whom the reader has heretofore been indebted for several caustic *tertsities* in its kind; the second from a friend who does not 'confess the cape' of authorship:

'Wax is a belle, attired for public gaze,  
Like to a ship? She 'goes about' 'in stays.'

We can enlighten the ignorance of our Port-Chester friend. Ladies in this meridian eschew 'stays,' as he calls them. They are *passée*, out of date, 'things that were.' 'Hence we view the gr-e-at necessity there is' of being *au fait* to the latest fashion. The ensuing purports to have been written on a 'Yankee Belle.' 'Guess not,' though; 'tis n't the way of Yankee belles:

'She 's dressed so neatly for the ball,  
In truth, she 's scarcely dressed at all;  
A fact to Yankees quite distressing.  
It leaves so little room for guessing!'

'Oh! go 'long, you p'ison critter, you! What d'you mean?' . . . WE should have published the lines entitled '*What is our Life?*' but for some *forty lines*, the thoughts of which are 'conveyed' entire from CARLYLE. Looking down upon the wilderness of London, the thoughtful TEUFELS-DRÖCKH exclaims: 'There in that old city was a live ember of culinary fire put down, say only two thousand years ago; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still burns, and thou thyself sceest the very smoke thereof. Ah! and the far more mysterious live ember of *Vital Fire* was then also put down there, and still miraculously burns and spreads.' . . . THE DRAMA is once more in the ascendant. THE PARK THEATRE, our 'Old Drury,' is a personification of 'The Deformed Transformed.' Externally, it has assumed the aspect of a fine granite temple, in the Doric style of architecture, with a noble statue of SHAKSPEARE lording it over the pile; while internally, from pit to ceiling; boxes, walls, proscenium, stage; *every thing*, in short, is new and beautiful. Mr. BARRY deserves the highest praise for the good taste, the liberality, and the untiring industry which he has brought to bear upon our favorite place of theatrical resort. The house opened with WALLACK; WALLACK, that 'love of a man,' who can never grow old, and who has lost no whit of his power to delight his auditors. He opened in his inimitable 'Rolla' and 'Dashall,' to a house crowded from proscenium to dome with the élite of the metropolis; and he has since gone through his round of characters, including that most touching of modern plays, '*The Rent-Day*,' with undiminished popularity. *Apròpos* of this



latter play: a good story is told of its first production in London. The celebrated FARREN declined a part in it; remarking, that if the piece ran beyond a single night, he would eat an old hat for every time it was played. The play rose to immediate and almost unprecedented popularity. On arriving at the theatre one evening, Mr. FARREN was informed by the call-boy that Mr. WALLACK had left something on a side-table for him, covered with a large white sheet. 'Hum!' grunted FARREN, 'what is it?' The boy lifted the covering; and behold, ranged in the most exact order, were thirty-six of the dirtiest, shabbiest, 'shocking bad hats' in London! FARREN started, and turned angrily to the lad. 'Please, Sir,' said the boy, 'Mr. WALLACK says as how you said, when you refused the part of *Crumbs* in 'The Rent-Day,' that if the piece ran beyond a single night, you would eat an old hat; so as it has now been played thirty-seven times, he thinks it right to give you something to eat, afore the meal becomes too large for your digestion!' FARREN said it 'was all right—and left.' . . . WELL pleased are we to remark the opening of MESSRS. COUDERT AND PORTER'S English and Classical Lyceum, at Number ninety-five Eighth-street, near Tompkins's-Square. The principals have no superiors; their assistants are of their careful selection, and have their approval. On these points, therefore, 'enough said.' The situation is delightful, and the terms consistent with the times. Let these gentlemen be *patronized*. Ah! that is not the term; but we have no good synonyme for it. We have always detested the word; and especially since we encountered Dr. JOHNSON'S comment upon it, in a letter to Lord CHESTERFIELD, soon after finishing his immortal Dictionary: 'I entertain, Sir, a very strong prejudice against relying on patrons. Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work, through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.' . . . Our friend who writes us from Florence (his excellent article is filed for our next) is quite right in his ideas of 'Letters of Introduction.' There is much and exaggerated abuse of this courtesy, emanating from this country. His own case, we can assure him, is by no means a solitary one. We like the frank reply given by a distinguished American to a young, conceited whipster, who sought, through the claims of his father's friendship, to obtain letters to persons of distinction abroad: 'I want,' said he, 'to get letters to SCOTT, to MOORE, to SOUTHEY, and to JEFFREY. Father would like to have me see them.' 'So should I,' replied the expected donor, 'but I don't wish *them* to see *you*. If *that* objection could be removed, perhaps your wish might be gratified.' It 'was stated at the time' that our young gentleman 'left the presence.' . . . We are struck with this remark of Count ROSTOPCHIN, in his sententious memoirs, in preceding pages: 'I had an involuntary veneration for the sun, and his setting always made me sad.' How often, with kindred emotion, have we stood and gazed at sunset-clouds, with one who now sleeps in his early grave! Saying little, but thinking much, and feeling more; and as the day-god sank below the horizon, reflecting upon the period when all the living world that saw him then, should roll in unconscious dust around him. Oh! the mystery of nature!—the mystery of life! . . . *The Puritans vs. The Quakers* is at hand and on hand, and *will be* for some time, we call'te. Couldn't 'approve' the sentiments of our Plymouth correspondent, 'any way' at he can fix it.' We segregate a joke, however, which is worth pickling. 'Why are the Quakers always well-to-do in the world?' asks a Friend of one of the 'world's people.' 'They are chargeable to no man, and yet are always thrifty.' 'Zactly!' was the rejoinder; 'and I'll tell you *why*. The Quakers are rich, that's sartin; and the way of it at first was this: When our SAVIOUR was took up onto the top of an exceeding high mounting, the OLD GENTLEMAN offered him all the riches of the world, if he 'd fall down and worship him. 'T wouldn't do: the SAVIOUR said 'No;' but a Quaker who was standing by, took the OLD KNICK up: 'Friend BEELZEBUB,' says he, 'I'll take thy offer!' He did so; and there 's been no scursity of money among your folks sence that time!' . . . 'HONORS are easy' with sundry of our correspondents. We perceive that, among others, the 'Mail-Robber' was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Cambridge University, at the late 'commencement' of that institution. 'Served him right;' he *deserved* it. We have 'known things of him' that would have brought this visitation upon him before, had we chosen to mention them. 'Justice, though slow, always overtakes,' etc. The proverb is something musty. . . . WE must be permitted to doubt whether '*bally-ragging*,' as poor POWER used to term scolding, is the 'effest way' for our New-Haven friend, to whose favor we recently alluded. 'Many men of many minds.' A spoonful of molasses will catch more flies than a quart of vinegar; and 'an inch of laugh is worth an ell of moan, in any state of the market.' 'The vices of the times, the vices of society, the vices of literature, require rigid scrutiny and fearless censors.' Very likely; therefore 'Pay away at them!' say we; but excuse *us* from monopolizing our pages with gloom,

groutiness, and grumbling. . . . We have omitted to notice the superb annual engraving for the subscribers of the *'Apollo Association,'* recently put forth by that popular institution. The subject is VANDERLYN's celebrated picture of *'CAIUS MARIUS on the ruins of Carthage.'* The engraving is in line, by S. A. SCHOFF, a native artist, and forms one of the finest specimens of art in its kind ever produced in this country. . . . MR. PRENTICE, the well-known Louisville Journalist, is 'down upon' a 'gentleman of some smartness who rejoices in the euphonious name of POE,' (a correspondent of ours spells it 'Poh!') for terming CARLYLE, in one of his thousand-and-one MAC-GRAWLER critiques, 'an ass.' The Kentucky poet and politician thus rejoins: 'We have no more doubt that Mr. EDGAR A. POE is a very good judge of an ass, than we have that he is a very poor judge of such a man as THOMAS CARLYLE. He has no sympathies with the great and wonderful operations of CARLYLE's mind, and is therefore unable to appreciate him. A blind man can describe a rainbow as accurately as Mr. POE can CARLYLE's mind. What Mr. POE lacks in Carlyleism he makes up in jackassism. It is very likely that Mr. CARLYLE's disciples are as poor judges of an ass as Mr. POE is of CARLYLE. Let them not abuse each other, or strive to overcome obstacles which are utterly irremovable. That Mr. POE has all the native tendencies necessary to qualify him to be a judge of asses, he has given repeated evidences to the public.' 'Nervous, but inelegant!' as Mr. ASPEN remarks in *'The Nervous Man.'* . . . CAN any native citizen of *'The Empire State'* peruse the forceful paper under this title, in preceding pages, without a feeling of natural and just pride? For ourselves, born, bred, and educated upon the soil of New-York, we cannot read it without a thrill of gratification, that our 'lines have been cast in pleasant places,' and that we have so 'goodly an heritage.' . . . We do not know when we have been more 'horrified' than on reading the following in a London journal: 'Two natives of the cannibal islands of Marquesas have been carried to France. The story runs, that on the voyage one of their fellow-passengers asked them which they liked best, the French or the English? 'The English!' answered the man, smacking his lips; 'they are the *fattest.*' 'And a great deal more tender,' chimed in the woman, with a grin that exhibited two rows of pointed teeth as sharp as a crocodile's!' . . . *'The Exile's Song,'* with the note which accompanied it, came too late for insertion in the present number. It will appear in our next. . . . THE story of *'The Tobacco-Quid'* is as old as the seven hills. What a silly thing it is, to give new names and a new *locale* to an 'ancient MILLER,' and at the same time vouch for its entire authenticity and originality! 'O git eëut!' . . . READER, did you ever see a small puppy bark at an elephant in a menagerie, whereat the dignified beast did n't even deign to flap his leather-apron ears? Did you ever see a stump-tailed ape sporting a Roman toga? And have you seen the 'Annihilation of DANIEL WEBSTER' by CRAZY NEAL, in a recent newspaper piece of his? Mr. NEAL thinks the great orator and statesman a *humbug!* He is a judge of the article. . . . IF the *'Stanzas to Mary'* are a 'little after the style of WORDSWORTH,' we can only say that the WORDSWORTH school is not a grammar-school:

— 'Upon my brow  
Glooms gathers fast and thick,'

is not unlike 'Cats eats mice,' or 'Shads is come!' . . . SEVERAL communications, among them 'Chronicles of the Past,' Number Two; 'Evening Hymn;' 'The Deity,' etc., will receive attention in our next.

THOMSON'S ABRIDGEMENT OF DAY'S ALGEBRA FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. — DAY'S Algebra has sustained a high reputation during a period of fourteen years; a fact sufficiently evinced by the sale of more than forty large editions. In appropriateness of arrangement, perspicuity of expression, and adaptation to the purposes of instruction, whether public or private, it stands, we believe, unrivalled. The highest praise which can be bestowed on a school-book is, that 'it is its own teacher.' By commencing with points so simple that any child of ordinary ability can comprehend them, and advancing step by step, removing every obstacle when it first presents itself, and conducting the student gradually into the more intricate parts of the science, the author makes him master of the subject while he is yet scarcely aware of its difficulties. The exactness of definition and clearness of illustration which characterize Mr. THOMSON'S 'Abridgement' together with the exclusion of the answers to the problems, (a course indispensable to an independent scholar,) are especially commendable. The method also of completing the square by multiplying the equation by four times the coefficient of the higher power of the unknown quantity, and adding to both members the square of the coefficient of the lower power, avoids the introduction of fractional terms, and strikes us as an improvement. The most weighty objection to DAY'S Algebra has been its paucity of examples. This defect is remedied in the 'Abridgement,' the number of examples being nearly twice as great as in the original work.



## L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

'PRAYERS FOR THE USE OF FAMILIES.'—Here is a volume of some three hundred pages, containing upward of seventy prayers, designed to meet all conditions of mankind, and all the wants of humanity. The author, Rev. WILLIAM JAY, of England, has aimed to be very plain and simple in his diction, since prayer admits of no brilliance, and rejects studied ornament. He has not substituted finery for elegance, nor the affectation of art for the eloquence of feeling; but has wisely avoided a strained, inflated style, unintelligible to the ignorant, lamented by the pious, and condemned by the wise. This is as it should be. It is remarkable that in the Bible no prayer is recorded, in which the figure employed is not as familiar as the literal expression. An appendix is added, containing a number of select and original prayers for particular occasions; short addresses, applicable to certain events and circumstances, and which the reader may insert in their proper place in the main prayer, or use at the end of it. A work like this, from a competent pen, may supply with many families an important desideratum. The volume is published by Mr. M. W. DODD, Brick Church Chapel, opposite the Park.

'THE WYANDOTTE, OR THE HUTTED KNOLL,' is the title of Mr. COOPER's last work, recently published by MESSRS. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, in two well-executed volumes in the pamphlet-form. It embodies legends of the sufferings of isolated families during the troubled scenes of colonial warfare, which are distinctive in many of their leading facts, if not rigidly true in the details. We gather from the prefatory remarks of the author, that in these volumes he has 'aimed at sketching several distinct varieties of the human race, as true to the governing impulses of their educations, habits, modes of thinking, and natures.' How this aim has been accomplished, we are quite unable to say. We trust however that the friend who transported the work from our table into the country, will at least repay us for the gratification of which he has deprived us, by returning it when he is through with it, that we may be ourselves enlightened, and enabled to enlighten our readers, concerning the character of the work.

THOMPSON'S HISTORY OF LONG-ISLAND.—A second edition—revised and greatly enlarged, and included in two handsome volumes—has just appeared, of Mr. B. F. THOMPSON's history of Long-Island, from its discovery and settlement to the present time. The work embodies many interesting and important matters, connected with the first settlement of our country and its colonial and revolutionary history; and includes notices of numerous individuals and families, and a particular account of different churches and ministers. In short, the indefatigable author has availed himself of every source of authentic and valuable information which could add to the interest or usefulness of his work; which we should not omit to mention embraces two large and well-executed maps, and is illustrated by numerous lithographic engravings of edifices and other objects of interest on the island; and including the author's 'counterfeit presentment.' MESSRS. GOULD, BANKS AND COMPANY are the publishers.

'THE KAREN APOSTLE.'—MESSRS. GOULD, KENDALL, AND LINCOLN, Boston, have issued in a handsome little volume, 'The Karen Apostle, or Memoir of KO-THAH-BYU, the first Karen convert; with Notices concerning his Nation. By Rev. FRANCIS MASON, Missionary to the Karens.' The first American edition is revised by Prof. H. J. RIPLEY, of Newton (Mass.) Theological Seminary. The work is 'sent forth in the hope that the interest which has been felt in behalf of the Karens may be deepened, and that the cause of missions to the heathen in general may be promoted by the striking proof of the power of the gospel exhibited in its pages.' The work is illustrated by maps, in part from manuscript, and by one or two well-executed engravings on wood. The specimens of Karen literature appended to the volume do not afford a very exalted idea of the writings of that sect; nevertheless, they possess a certain interest in the connection which they sustain in the volume.

NEW MUSIC.—We have before us, from the extensive and popular establishment of Messrs. JAMES L. HEWITT AND COMPANY, Broadway, 'Woodside Waltz,' by Miss MARION S. MCGREGOR; 'Grand Austerlitz March and Quickstep, arranged as a Duet, for the Piano-forte,' by GEORGE W. HEWITT; 'The Alpine Horn, a Tyrollean,' by JOHN H. HEWITT; and 'Robin Buff, a Ballad,' the music by Mr. HENRY RUSSELL.

'WHEN THOU WERT TRUE.'—This is a very charming Song; the words by F. W. THOMAS, Esq., the music by JOHN H. HEWITT, inscribed to Mrs. ROBERT TYLER, and just published by JAMES L. HEWITT AND COMPANY, Broadway. If the noble-looking portrait upon the title-page represents Mrs. TYLER, she is justly entitled to the praises with which the journals have teemed, touching the grace and beauty of her person. The following are the words :

## I.

When thou wert true, when thou wert true,  
My heart did thy impression take,  
As do the depths where skies are blue,  
Of some wood-girt and quiet lake,  
The image of the moon that gives  
The calmness in whose light she lives.

## II.

But when doubts came, my troubled breast  
Was like that lake when winds do blow;  
Her image there, though still impressed,  
Boards brokenly in ebb and flow:  
Until the storm obscures her light,  
And reigns the ebon-visaged Night.

## III.

Again that changing moon shall shine,  
When storms are o'er within the lake,  
Which, like that wayward heart of thine,  
Can any other image take:  
Mine, graven like memorial-stone,  
Is now a memory alone.

'ALHALLA, OR THE LORD OF TALADEGA: A TALE OF THE CREEK WAR.'—This is entitled a narrative poem by HENRY ROWE COLCRAFT, better known as HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Esq., an old correspondent of this Magazine. The story turns upon the contests of the Muscogees, their exertions, their discomfitures, and their final fall. It opens at a distant northern point, within a short period after the close of the Creek war, and occupies two days and nights in its action. Its style is a union of the dramatic with the narrative and descriptive; a conjunction well adapted to the character of the story and the nature of its personages. There are appended to the main poem a few selected miscellanies, among which we recognize three or four clever effusions, originally given to the public in these pages. Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM are the publishers.

'THE NEW PURCHASE.'—Our task for these departments of the KNICKERBOCKER was completed, when we received from Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, a native novel, in two volumes, entitled 'The New Purchase; or Seven and a half Years in the Far West.' By ROBERT CARTTON, Esq. We have not found leisure to read one of its pages; but if we may judge of its merits from the encomiums of two or three of our contemporaries of the daily press, it should prove a work of the most sterling attraction. To say that 'MARY CLAVERS' must 'look to her laurels,' there being an equally gifted laborer in a kindred field, strikes us as very high praise. We hope, but doubt, to find that precaution in any degree necessary.

'USURY: THE EVIL AND THE REMEDY.'—The pages of this department of the KNICKERBOCKER were mainly in the hands of the printers, when we received the newspaper folio entitled as above. We are left but space therefore barely to state, that this essay on usury differs entirely from the usual mode of treating that subject, in that it does not rely on the penalties for the repression of the evil, but proposes to root out its existence by a practical, beneficent mode of removing the temptations to, and occasions for, usury. It is for sale at BURGESS AND STRINGER'S, corner of Ann-street and Broadway.

NEW WORKS FROM THE AMERICAN PRESS.—We have before us several excellent publications, which came too late for notice in the present number. Among them, we may mention three entertaining volumes from the press of Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, 'The Court of England,' from 1658 to GEORGE the THIRD; 'Nature and Revelation,' or the Second Advent; the beautiful 'Illustrated Prayer-Book' series of Mr. HEWET; and PEARODY'S Dartmouth College Address. These publications, with others which we lack space even to mention, will be advertised to in our November number.